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The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VIII.

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POETRY.

The Blacksmith.

Old England, she has great warriors,
Great princes, and poets great;
But the Blacksmith is not to be quite forgot
In the history of the State.

He is rich in the best of all metals,
Yet silver he lacks, and gold;
And he payeth his due, and his heart is true,
Though he bloweth both hot and cold.

The boldest is he of incendiaries
That ever the wide world saw,
And a forger as rank as e'er robbed the bank,
Though he never doth break the law.

He hath shoes that are worn by strangers,
Yet his laughter and merriment
And ashore (concealed) in the poor man's shield,
Yet it adds to the poor man's store.

Then, hurrah for the iron Blacksmith!
And hurrah for his iron crew!
And whenever we go where his forges glow
We'll sing what a man can do.

STORE TELLER.

MR. BEVEL'S HOBBY.

It was in a quaint, old-fashioned
quarter of London that old Mr. Bevel
lived. He had been young Mr. Bevel
in his time, when the quarter was not
so quaint nor the street so shabby,
though even then the irresistible in
flux of fashion had begun to set in an
other direction. But gentility lingered
after fashion was past, and when
Mr. Bevel installed his bride in her
new home the region was still spoken
of as "eminently respectable." Alas,
nobody called it respectable now. The
very fact of a residence there implied
a certain ignominy—a fact understood
and resented by all the Bevel family
except its head. Even Mrs. Bevel,
who, when first transplanted thither
from her country surroundings, had
looked upon the London residence as
unspeakable promotion, regarded it
now with a contemptuous disfavor,
which was instigated and egged on by
her sons and daughters.

"It is really quite too bad," declared
Maud, the eldest born and beauty of
the family. "I'm absolutely ashamed
to let Arthur come and see me. It
might be enough to lose him his place
in society."

"Arthur," was Maud's fiancé, Arthur
Brook, and the society thus imposi
ngly alluded to consisted of his fellow
clerks in one of the lesser public of
fices—a limited though "stylish" circle
in the neighborhood of Westbourne
Grove, and an oft-quoted second-cous
inship to that city magistrate Peter
Brook, of Lombard Street and Lancas
ter Gate, while Lord Mayor of London,
and a great man in his own set.
The readiness of a young man so con
nected to show himself occasionally in
such a locality as that inhabited by
his lady love and her family could not
be regarded as less than condescen
sion. Maud felt it; the boys felt it;
everybody felt it except that insensi
ble parent in whose hands lay the power
to stay and the power to go. Mrs.
Bevel felt it also, but she deemed it a
duty to protest against Maud's remark.

"My dear, you are foolish to talk so.
Arthur is quite too sensible to mind
where we live, I am sure."

"Nothing of the sort, mamma. He
minds a great deal. There is nothing
he hates like an omnibus, and eabs all
this distance we are an immense ex
pense. He ought not to take them
half so often as he does." For all her
blue, sleepy eyes and fluff of golden
hair, pretty Maud had a keen eye for
the main chance.

"Yes, and the most provoking thing
about it is that if pa would only stop
buying those ridiculous old things he
is so fond of we could go where we
liked, and live like other people," re
marked Matilda, the next girl in age,
casting a look of displeasure round
the room. It was a hideous room,
Matilda thought, old time and queer;
but to an artist it would have been a
treasure trove, a very paradise of
quaint and picturesque and valuable
disorder.

For old Mr. Bevel's hobby was bric
a-brac, and the house was stuffed with
his acquisitions through forty years of
practice. Like all pioneers in special
lines of taste, he suffered the fate of
being regarded by his contemporaries
as little better than a maniac. With
him the taste was inborn. He had
been a collector before his marriage,
twice a collector since. Beginning in
those early days when there were few
competitors in the art, he had worked
the rich mine thoroughly before others
became aware of its value. Little by
little his treasures had accumulated.
Armor, brasses, carved furniture, china
of every age and style, fragments of
rich stuffs, of altar linen, ancient mis
sals, and breviaries, quaint tomes in
early English, ivory carved by time
to a delicious yellow, bits of bronze,
of silver, old tapestries threadbare and
tarnished, but still splendid, lace pic
tures, parchments, spoils of cottage
and cathedral and quaint Tudor man
sion—there they were, crowding every
crevice and corner, every cupboard

and closet, till Mrs. Bevel declared
she could turn round in peace, and
should inevitably go crazy if one sin
gle thing more were added to the
stock. The dusky shabbiness of the
house made a picturesque background
for these ancient meubels, but pictur
esqueness was lost in the younger
Bevels, and only shabbiness was dis
cernible. As they sat there in the ear
ly twilight, Matilda groaned for prob
ably the fiftieth time over the wall
paper, mellowed by time into a deli
cious mixture of neutral tint and warm
apricot, against which the dull, superb
carvings of a Delhi cabinet stood out
resplendent, its top crowned with rare
jars. The apricot graininess was sim
ply dirt to Matilda's eyes—dull, com
mon, every-day wear and tear; the
cabinet was clumsy; the high-backed
Venetian chairs on either side ugly,
and hard to sit on. What she longed
for was a smart gilt hanging, stars per
haps, or polka dots—a polka dot was
so stylish always—and a "suite" of
modern walnut and green, such as
could be had in the Tottenham Court
Road for £9 10s. the eight pieces. She
hated old things—rubbish she called
them—and had eyes for neither grace
of form nor charm of color which did
not wear the stamp of to-day's brief
popularity.

"Oh dear!" she sighed, as her eye
ran over the accented objects which
to her were such unspeakable grievan
ces. "I fairly dread to see pa come
home, he's so sure to fetch in some
angry thing or other to add to our trials.
Maud Sinnamon has just got the lovel
iest pair of vases—blue, with the
Emperor and Empress on them, and
only ten and six a pair—fancy! I want
ed some like them so dreadfully that
I borrowed one to show papa, hoping
he'd be tempted. But, fancy, he just
made up a sort of a face, and said,
'Take it away, my dear—take it away.'
It's extraordinary that not one of you
has ever learned to know a good thing
from a worthless one." Then when I
said they were only ten and six, he
shrieked out: 'Ten and six! they're
not worth a farthing! Now this—'
and he held up a horrid little black
bottle with a handle—look at this. It
is three hundred years old, and one of
the rarest shapes known. There's one
like it in the British Museum, and one
at Naples, so far as I can make out,
but I don't know of another in the
world; and what do you think it cost?
Three shillings—absolutely, only three
shillings. The greatest find I have
had for months. Ten and sixpence,
indeed! Pray carry that trumpery off
at once."

"Yes, that's just like pa," observed
Maud. "He showed me the bottle, too—
hideous little thing! I only wish
that I had the three shillings it cost,
for I need a pair of new gloves badly
enough."

"I wish I had it," put in Ralph, the
youngest boy. "I haven't had a half
crown to my name this six weeks."

"That's because you spend your
money in sweet stuff as fast as you get
it," retorted Maud.

"Well, that's better than spending
it all in ribbons and folderols, as you
do, Miss Prink."

"Children, hush!" cried Mrs. Bevel.
"It's pretty hard on us all," observed
Bryan, the older son. "I asked
the governor this morning if he
couldn't afford to give me a run on the
continent this vacation—just a short
one, you know, with a second class
ticket; I don't want to travel swell—
and he said, in a sort of abstracted
way, as if it were of no consequence
in the world, 'No, I think not. There's
Slater's sale next month, and I've been
watching his Henri Deux shoes five
years. I shall want all my ready
money, my boy.' Henri Deux, indeed!
What's that! Some rubbishy old plate,
I suppose, which I should like to
smash."

"And the worst is," put in Mrs. Bevel,
"that these things your father buys
are like so much money thrown into
the sea. Nobody but he will think of
wanting them. There's no sale for
such old rubbish—none whatever. It's
just so much out of your fortune, my
dears."

"Only papa enjoys them so much,"
ventured Rose, the youngest girl. Out
of the large family she was the only
one who had the least sympathy with
her father's pursuits. It was the sym
phony of affection—unappreciative,
but comforting.

"There's pa now," said Maud, as the
door clicked below.

Slowly Mr. Bevel climbed the stairs,
like one who bears a burden. A liber
al burden it turned out to be, for pres
ently he entered, carrying in both arms
a huge grotesque wooden sign-board.
A flush of pleasure tinged his thin face.

"See, Mary," he exclaimed—"see,
my dears—what a windfall I have just
discovered. This is the identical sign
of La Belle Sauvage, which was one of
the most famous coffee-houses a cen
tury or more ago. I dare say you'd find
mention of it in the Spectator, if you'll
look, or the Rambler. See what a
quaint thing it is. The head was
black and red once, but is faded brown
now. And do you notice this little ex
tinguisher below? That was for the

link-boys to put out their torches with.
London was a queer old place in those
days. I don't know when I've been
so pleased with anything," and he rub
bed his hands.

"Good gracious!" sighed Mrs. Bevel,
while Maud pertly asked: "What
on earth are you going to do with it,
pa?"

"Do with it? It's a curiosity, my
dear."

"Oh! And what did it cost, pa?"

"That's the best part of it all," said
the happy collector, again rubbing his
hands. "I got it for a song—only
two pounds fifteen."

"Two pounds fifteen!" screamed
Maud. "Oh, pa, when we all need so
many things!"

"Two pounds fifteen!" chimed in
Matilda, almost crying; "and those
lovely blue vases only ten and six;
and you wouldn't even look at them,
pa."

"By George! it's quite too bad,"
muttered Bryan. "My round ticket
would only have been six pounds;"
while Mrs. Bevel repeated, in a still
fainter tone: "Good gracious!" as if
her cup of woe were indeed full.

Dejected and discomfited, her hus
band slunk away, his brief-lived glow
of satisfaction merged in sudden de
pression and penitence. No one but
little Rose followed. She found him
in the farther drawing-room, propping
his purchase up on a little Chippendale
card table, with all the light gone
out of his face. He did not seem to
care about the sign-board any longer.

"It's a very curious thing, isn't it,
papa?" she said, slipping her hand into
his arm. "I never saw anything
like it before."

"No, my dear, I suppose not; and
you are not likely to see anything like
it again. Most of these old signs
have been destroyed; they are grow
ing scarcer every day." He began to
tell her the history of the old coffee
house, and as he talked his cheerfulness
gradually returned. Rose was
often a comfort to her father—the only
one he had, poor man, in the family,
by whom his ruling passion was held
to be a nuisance and wrong and daily
disadvantage.

Time went on. Old Mr. Bevel's col
lection became gradually celebrated
among the now rapidly increasing
army of bric-a-brac fanciers. Now and
again some stranger would call at the
house and ask leave to inspect this or
that curious object; but these visits
remained a perpetual puzzle to Mrs.
Bevel and her brood. What on earth
could any one find to rave about in
these old things? Too completely
aside from the world of fashion to
have the least recognition of its ebbs
and flows, they never imagined that
the curiosities which to them remained
a standing grievance had become of
interest to those "high circles" of which
they read and dreamed. Maud's mar
riage was still deferred till argumented
income should warrant it. Bryan and
Ralph had plans which only money
could further. Matilda and even little
Rose experienced the lack of certain
private gratifications; and the spare
cash "which would have made us all so
comfortable," thought poor Mrs. Bevel,
was provokingly looked up in the
quaint and multifarious wares which
filled the house to the exclusion of
more desirable things. "I declare, I
would almost as soon he did some
thing wicked which wasn't quite so
inconvenient," thought the poor wife,
and then chided herself for the thought.

She chided herself again and more
sadly when, a little later, it became
evident that her husband was declin
ing in health. Never a strong man,
he attracted little attention at first that
he came in spent and exhausted from
his daily walks; but when the walk
gradually shortened, and at last one
eventful morning there was no walk at
all, and Mr. Bevel, for the first time
within the memory of man, remained
in-doors all day, Mrs. Bevel's anxieties,
slumbering till then, awoke to full life,
and communicated themselves to her
children. The result was much well
meant but wearisome restriction. Papa
was not to eat this, nor eat that; must not
walk, or tire himself, nor talk too long;
above all, must not follow his own in
clinations in any degree. Very patiently
did Mr. Bevel endure these cures, but
he did not improve under them. His
occupation was gone with his failing
strength. The experienced fingers
which had handled so many choice
things lay idle now, with nothing worth
handling within reach. Life had lost
its savor for him; he made haste, as it
were, to be gone from it. And almost
before his family realized that there
was cause for alarm, all was over.

The last morning of his life he was
lifted, at his own request, into an an
cient ebony chair, spoil of some Sen
nese palace, which was one of his spe
cial treasures. Hard, high, straight
backed, it was not the most commo
dious resting-place for a sick man, but
Mr. Bevel seemed to like it as he lay,
propped with pillows, gently following
with his feeble fingers the rich and in
tricate wanderings of the ivory pattern
with which it was inlaid. His wife and
daughters were with him; they rarely
left him now.

"My little Rose," he said after a
long silence, "I should like you to keep
this chair. You are the only one who
cares for such things. Keep it for your
own, my dear. The rest wouldn't
value it. I made my will a while ago,"
he continued, after a short silence, "I
have tried to do fairly by you all, and
to act justly. Some of you have thought
hard of me at times, I am afraid, for
buying so many things, but you'll get
over that later. All the arrangements
are made for the sale of everything—
advertising and all. You are not to
have any trouble in the matter"—turn
ing to his wife. "All is left in the hands
of Leonard Ashe. He knows the full
value of everything, and will see all
properly done. The sale is to be ad
vertised for two months beforehand.
As he will attend to that."

"Yes, my dear, yes," replied Mrs.
Bevel, soothingly. "Don't worry your
poor head about those things now;"
while even at that mournful moment
Matilda could not refrain from a glance
at Maud, which meant "Poor papa!
still harping on that absurd craze of
his." Only little Rose, with a pitiful
tenderness, stroked and kissed the
wasted hand. Misunderstood in death
as in life, old Mr. Bevel passed his nar
row corner of this narrow world into
the wide liberty of the next.

The will was read in due time. Mat
ters proved in a worse condition even
than the family feared. There was a
small life insurance for the benefit of
the widow, five thousand pounds in
consols, the house—that was all save
the collection, whose proceeds—so the
will ran—were to be divided among
the six heirs. Mrs. Bevel was stunned,
the others indignant.

"It was really like insanity," protest
ed Maud. "If we had only guessed it,
and stopped papa in time! Why, Ar
thur estimates that pa could not have
spent less than seven thousand pounds
in buying these trumpery things. Seven
thousand pounds! And think what
that would be to us now."

"Oh dear! oh dear! how comfortable
we all could have been!" moaned her
mother, while Matilda, between angry
sobs, protested that she "never should
be able to forgive pa quite. It seemed
dreadful to say such a thing, but she
couldn't help it. It seemed as if he
hadn't cared a bit for his own family,
only for those horrid, useless, ugly old
duds, which nobody would ever want
so long as the world stood."

"Oh, Matilda! don't talk so," urged
her mother. "Your pa never meant
any wrong. It was just a disease
with him to buy things. And they'll
fetch something, I dare say. We
shall get a part back."

"Yes, a couple of hundred pounds,
perhaps. What's that out of seven
thousand pounds? I declare, to think
of it makes me feel as if I should like
to bite somebody," remarked amiable
Matilda, with a clink of her sharp
little teeth. The others, more out
wardly respectful, were no less inward
ly miserable. None of them had any
hopes from the sale.

The two months' advertisement were
duly fulfilled, and the collection re
moved to the auction room. Very bare
did the old house look after it was
gone; but that mattered little, for its
occupants were preparing to move as
soon as the sale was over. They waited
for that, but with so little hope or in
terest in the affair that it was not till
late in the afternoon of the third day
that Bryan troubled himself to "step
down" and learn the result. He came
back so red and excited that his moth
er turned pale with apprehension while
the girls crowded about him.

"What's the matter? Has it all gone
wrong?"

"I always knew it would."
"Hav'n't they fetched anything?"
—this from Matilda.

"Anything! I should say so. Moth
er, my father was right all through,
and the rest of us a pack of fools. What
do you think the things have sold for?"

"Two hundred." Five hundred, "A
thousand," the last in a timorous voice.

"A thousand! Just wait and hear.
They were selling the last lot when I
got there. By Jove, it was the old sign
board we all jeered at. Well, that
brought thirty-two pounds!"

"Oh, Bryan, perfectly impossible!"

"It did, though. Well, that was a
stunner; but when at last I got hold
of Ashe, and heard the full amount of
the sale, you might have knocked me
down with a pin-needle. Now listen!
what do you think of—forty-three
thousand pounds?"

Matilda.

Mrs. Bevel nearly swooned.

"Ah, my poor, dear John!" she cried,
when she came to. "And me thinking
him so silly all along!"

"Silly! He was the only knowing
one among us," declared Bryan. If he
had put the amount—the whole cost—at
compound interest forty years ago,
it never would have brought anything
like it. You see, he began when peo
ple didn't know the value of such
things, and he has held on for this rise.
I heard 'em talking about it—the Mar
quis of Westminster and Lord Dudley,
and any number of tremendous nob,
and they said no collection like it had
ever been offered for sale, and they

didn't believe there would be such an
other again. Everything was choice;
selected with the utmost judgment,
and ability, one of them said. I declare
I'd give a good deal if I could ask the
old governor's pardon. He was the
wisest of us all, and none of us sus
pected it."

"Well, I never was so astonished!"
grasped Maud. "Forty-three thousand
pounds! Why, it makes rich people
of us. How pleased Arthur will be!"

"Yes, and he wasn't overpleased
when he thought we were only going
to have two hundred pounds apiece,"
said Matilda. "I never would have
believed it. Dear papa, if we only had
known, how differently we should have
felt about it all!"

Little Rose had stole away to her
own room, where stood the ebony
chair, her father's last gift. She touch
ed it gently, with tears in her eyes.

"Dear papa!" she murmured, if only
we had known. For I was as bad as
the rest of them sometimes, papa. I
was indeed; and I thought you were
foolish and whimsical, and felt vexed
with you. How unkind we were, and
all the while you were doing this for
us. Oh papa, papa, I hope that, wher
ever you are, you know that we under
stand it all now, and love you, and are
so sorry. Do you, papa?"

So, though to late for his satisfac
tion in this life, old Mr. Bevel's hobby
was vindicated in the end.

THE CUNNING CHINESE.

A new Chinese trick has been dis
covered, says the San Francisco
Chronicle. A few days since, on the
arrival of a vessel from Honolulu, con
taining several cases of shoes that had
been shipped to that port by some
Chinese house in San Francisco, and
sent back condemned by the consigne
es, the custom house officials were
curious to know the cause, and this
curiosity prompted them to open the
cases, when an ingenious plan was dis
covered to smuggle opium into that
port through the heels of "condemned"
shoes. The heels, at a glance, ap
peared natural and properly made,
but by pulling out a nail or two, and
removing one thickness of leather, a
hole, occupying nearly the whole size
of the heel, was found, into which
opium had been placed to introduce
into the Hawaiian market. The "con
demned" business was a part of the
programme, and the shoes were re
turned evidently to be reloaded and
forwarded again to that port.

A TERRIBLE SUICIDE.

The Frankforter Zeitung reports an
appalling case of suicide which occur
red recently at Edmondiam, and which
recalls in its features ancient tragedy.
A farmer named Hoffinger had two
sons. The elder fell in love with the
servant-maid, but had to join his reg
iment and serve his country with the
colors. On his return home he discov
ered that his brother had supplanted
him in the affections of the maid. He
conjured her to allow old relations to
be re-established, but she refused. He
threatened to commit suicide, but she
laughed at him. Some days later she
went so far as to taunt him with cow
ardice, declaring she did not believe
he could muster courage enough to
drown himself in the neighboring lake.
He answered that he would not drown
himself, but he would take away his
life in a manner which would make her
hair stand on end. One Sunday morn
ing, while his parents and sisters were
at church, he took a young horse from
the stable, fastened a rope securely to
him, and bound the end of the rope
around his own body. He then put a
lighted slow match into the ear of the
poor animal which naturally started off,
and, mad with pain, dragged the un
fortunate Hoffinger after him in all di
rections, finally plunged into the See
kirchner Lake. Later in the day the
two bodies were found in the lake, still
fastened together. Hoffinger's was so
fearfully shattered and mutilated as to
be quite beyond recognition.

They Got In, But Can't Get Out.

The Elizabeth (N. J.) Journal says:
"Mr. F. B. Spencer, of this city, of
the firm of Irwin & Spencer, has now
in his possession two brown mice se
curely entrapped in a glass ball, such
as is used by marksmen. He found
them recently in a barrel of glass at
Branton Range. The balls had been
stored there nearly all summer for oc
casional practice, and last week Mr.
Spencer emptied the barrel to clean it
out. In picking out the balls, he no
ticed that one near the bottom of the
barrel felt a little heavy, and, exami
ing it, found the two bright-eyed little
creatures securely imprisoned in their
crystal home, unable to get out, and
with none too much room to turn
about. He brought the little captives
home, and has fed them and taken
good care of them ever since. The
question how they got in the ball is
somewhat of a conundrum, but it is
supposed they crept in through the
small opening when they were young,
and, being fed there, grew until they
could not get out."

INTERESTING FROM REV. A. W.
MANN.

CLEVELAND, O., Nov. 5, 1879.
EDITOR JOURNAL.—I left home on
Wednesday afternoon, October 29th,
at two o'clock, and, after a long ride
extending through the night following,
I reached Evansville, Ind. The rec
tor of St. Paul's Church, Rev. W. N.
Webb, met me at the station and took
me to the rectory, adjoining the church.
Before dinner, tired and sleepy as I
was, I decided that it was best to call
on some of our people (mutes,) and be
sure of their having received notice of
the service. The rector had advertis
ed the service several times, but it
seems that only one saw the notice.

In the evening I had the pleasure of
meeting several mutes. Many of the
regular congregation were present.
We had a combined service, the rector
reading orally and I interpreting. At
the close of the service he read my ad
dress, which was mainly of a historical
nature, and I presented it through an
other language to the eye-listening por
tion of the congregation. All expres
ed themselves greatly interested. I
hope to go there again.

During my stay in Evansville I was
the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Torian. I
felt deeply indebted to the rector for
his assistance and interest in making
the service successful.

Leaving Evansville the next morn
ing, I found myself in Indianapolis in
the evening. After supper at one of
the hotels I went out towards the in
stitution, and soon found myself at
the house of Mr. Vail, where I remain
ed during the night.

On the following day—Saturday,
Nov. 1st—I went over to the institu
tion, and took the morning prayer at
eight o'clock. Later on, I called in
the city on the Rev. Mr. Bradley, rec
tor of Christ Church, and made the
necessary arrangements in relation to
the service the next day.

In the evening, in company with
Mr. and Mrs. Houdyshell, I called at
the home of Mr. and Mrs. Willard.
Two of the teachers from the institu
tion were already there. The day was
Mr. Willard's seventieth birthday.
The time until about ten o'clock was
spent in conversation, of which remi
niscences formed a leading part. From
Mr. Willard I learned some interest
ing facts regarding the early history
of the Indiana Institution, of which
he is the founder. By canvassing the
State, mostly on horseback, he was en
abled, after patient work, to obtain a
sufficient number of pupils for a
school. The well-known divine Hen
ry Ward Beecher was one of the board
of trustees of the school during his
incumbency as principal.

The next day, being Sunday, I went
over to the institution, and took the
usual morning service in the chapel,
on invitation of the teacher whose
turn it was to officiate. I also took
the afternoon service at two o'clock,
and then hastened away to Christ
Church in the city. The attendance
at the church was

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, NOV. 13, 1879.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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One copy, one year, \$1.50
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If not paid within six months, 2.00
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THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Once more we come to the front in behalf of the claims and needs of our paper. It is a question beyond all reasonable doubt that there are in the United States of America at least twenty thousand deaf-mutes who are possessed of education at least sufficient to read and profit thereby, while a large number of them are sufficiently educated to figure in the higher walks of life, no small number being engaged in professional avocations, trade, and mechanics. No one can raise any reason why every one of the twenty thousand should not take certainly one weekly paper, and many of them are abundantly able to pay for several. There is not an adult educated deaf-mute in this broad country, if he or she is in the enjoyment of ordinary health, who cannot raise the small sum of \$1.50 a year to pay the subscription of a paper. Many spend twenty or even fifty times that sum for tobacco, cigars, gewgaws, and other useless articles, but are unwilling to judiciously expend a trifle for a good newspaper for the moral and intellectual improvement of themselves, their wives, and their children. If they would but stop to reason the case they could readily perceive that the small stipulation of \$1.50 a year for a good weekly paper would be one of the best and most profitable investments. It is a curious fact that while many people use money lavishly, and often positively foolishly, for trinkets and trumpery they hesitate long over the small matter, but one of vital importance, of laying out a dollar or two for good reading. There are others, perhaps, who purchase many cheap, trashy, and almost worthless books, some of which are a curse to any household, but not one dollar do they pay for a newspaper. Some there are who, unwilling to pay for a paper out of their abundant means, are not at all backward in the matter of sponging news, through the channel of borrowed papers from those who willingly pay for them, at every convenient or possible opportunity, cheating the editor of his just dues,—aye, some of that class of people would "cheat the devil" if possible. They think they are playing smart while sponging food for their minds, but they may not be as sound on that subject as they imagine themselves, for people entertain the same opinion of them that they do of all other spongers and leeches.

The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL will soon enter upon its ninth year of existence. It has about 850 circulation, and our sincere thanks are due, and ever have been, to all who have nobly patronized and otherwise helped to support it. But, deaf-mute friends, where are the nineteen thousand and some hundred other educated ones of your class who have never subscribed for it? Geographically considered, we know that they are somewhere within the boundaries of this government—between Canada on the north, the Gulf of Mexico on the south, the Atlantic Ocean on the east, and the placid waters of the Pacific Ocean on the west—for statistics teach us this, but what are they doing that they do not come up to the point and subscribe for the JOURNAL?—which is without parallel in the former or present history of deaf-mute papers in the known world. Our subscription has gained in numbers, it is true, from year to year since our first publication, but in no such a manner as the paper deserves or as circumstances would warrant. There is no good reason why the list should not have included many other names. Deaf-mutes like deaf-mute papers—in fact will read them in preference to all other papers—and why do not more of them subscribe for the best? We want 20,000 subscribers, and there is no reason why we ought not to have them. Give us that number and

we will furnish an eight-column paper, edited in the most possible able style, with a staff of correspondents in every important part of the Union, giving you a paper for the insignificant price of \$1.50 a year, post-paid, that shall be new, brilliant, entertaining, and abounding in solid reading. We want twenty thousand names on our subscription lists prior to January 1st, 1880. There is no excuse to bring up why we cannot or should not have them. Our paper is a national one, and it should be in the hands of every educated deaf-mute in this land between this date and that of January 1st next. It is, in short, the deaf-mutes' own paper, and every reading deaf-mute in the United States should see to it that he or she has it, and that without delay. Wake up then, American deaf-mutes, to the duty you owe to yourselves and to us, send in your names, by scores and by hundreds, give us twenty thousand names, with the money in proportion, before the beginning of the year 1880, and we will give you a paper worth a dollar for every cent invested, and the greatest wonder that can be conceived in the way of a deaf-mute publication.

NOTICES.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Huntington will preach the seventh anniversary sermon of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes in St. Ann's Church, New York, on Sunday evening, the 16th inst., at 7:30 o'clock. The service and sermon will be interpreted for deaf-mutes by Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet.

The Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes, at No. 220 East Thirteenth street, New York, will be open for the annual reception and sale on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, November 20th, 21st, and 22d, from 11 A. M. to 6 P. M. Articles may be sent to the Home, care of the matron, Miss Jane Middleton.

The regular monthly meeting of the Ontario Literary Club will take place at the residence of Mr. Lawrence N. Jones, at Sandy Hill, on Friday evening, November 21st, at 8 P. M. Members are requested to attend.

GEORGE LUCAS REYNOLDS,
Secretary.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA INSTITUTION.

[From the Charleston, S. C., News.]

CEDAR SPRING, October 16.—The beneficent institution for the deaf and dumb and the blind, situated at Cedar Spring, Spartanburg county, four miles south of Spartanburg court-house and one mile west of Cedar Spring station on the Spartanburg and Union Railroad, occupies a beautiful, healthful and pleasant site. There were in attendance on the first day's exercises of this session in all thirty pupils, nineteen of whom are deaf-mutes, and eleven blind. Large accessions, daily expected, in the estimation of the superintendent, will, in a short time, swell the total number to sixty or seventy, an increase of nearly fifty per cent. on the largest previous attendance.

Our present Legislature during their late session adopted several very important measures in behalf of this philanthropic enterprise. Among these provisions we mention first the appropriation for the purpose of repairing the valuable buildings, which for years past have been hastening to untimely decay. The department for the blind will be greatly improved ere long by the establishment of shops wherein the pupils will be taught to make brooms, brushes, mattresses, to cane chairs, and perhaps other manual industries. The facilities of this department will also be much improved in the future by the periodical drawing of books and other school apparatus, which are furnished in common to all similar institutions in the United States by liberal appropriations recently made by Congress for that purpose. The school has already received its first benefit, amounting in value to sixty or seventy-five dollars. These draughts, we understand, are to be made semi-annually and have their amounts determined by the number of pupils in school. The latest innovation in the department for the deaf and dumb is one which strikes us as very important, and which will doubtless prove of immense advantage to this class. This new feature is the establishment of a small monthly, the object of which is to instruct the deaf-mutes in typography.

We congratulate Professor Newton F. Walker and his worthy corps of assistants on the present flattering outlook of their chosen work, and hope that the day may not be distant when our Legislature will enlarge the scope of their usefulness by extending the school building, and thus providing accommodation for the remaining seventy or eighty similarly afflicted, who under the present condition of things must continue to grope through this cold, dark world unguided by the torch of learning, uncheered, perhaps, by a single spark of generous sympathy.

McPaul Willing.

NEW YORK, Nov. 5, 1879.

DEAR FRIEND:—I saw in the last issue of the JOURNAL a notice to the effect that Robert King, of Washington, had challenged me to run 100 yards for \$300 a side, and that the challenge was declined by me. It is not true. I have never received any challenge from him. If he wishes to run with me of course I would be willing to accept his offer. If he is so desirous of testing my speed he must pay my expenses to Washington if he intends that the race shall come off there.

MICHAEL MCPAUL.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

The fund for a new press for the *Index* has reached \$100.

The editor of the *Index*, happy man, has completed his new house.

Miss LOUISE MEYERS, of the Rochester Institution, died at her home in Dunkirk, in September last, of consumption.

The editor of the *Gazette* complains that some one has stolen his Bible.

The expenditures for deaf-mute schools during the past year were \$984,000.

Mr. GEORGE W. CHASE, orator-elect for the next Ohio Alumni Reunion, is in the patent agency business at Rutland, O.

One thousand seven hundred and fifty-six pupils have been admitted into the Ohio Institution since its establishment, in 1829.

The boys of the Ohio Institution have a football, and it is likely that some of them, ere long, will also have cracked shins.

AMOS ELDRIDGE, of Springfield, O., a machinist by occupation, was in Columbus one day last week on business, and visited the institution.

GEORGE W. JOHNSON, a graduate of the Ohio Institution, is employed as a compositor on the West Salem (O.) *Monitor*, a holdomad sheet.

One-third of the pupils of the Minnesota Institution are said to be Catholics. Others are Lutherans, Congregationalists, Methodists, Episcopalians, and Baptists.

The foreman of the Ohio Institution printing-office, Mr. Spencer, when a youth, and living at Hartford, Conn., was well acquainted with Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet and Mr. Clero.

SEND us names of all deaf-mutes in your neighborhood, getting mail at your post-office, who do not now take THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. Send us a postal card full.

JAMES WHALEN was discharged by Mr. S. A. Taber, of Scipio, N. Y., a month ago, after having worked for him since last April, and is now at home in Arcade, N. Y. He has been to Philadelphia and Buffalo, and reports having enjoyed a nice time with his friends.

ROBERT SMITH, late of Watkins, N. Y., but now living at Omaha, Neb., contributes two facts: First, he has secured a good position on the *Omaha Daily Herald*, where he expects to work for a year or two, and second, he is very happy to have seen General Grant.

Two girls at the Western New York Institution went to bed at 6 P. M., but awoke an hour afterwards, and, thinking it was time to rise, got up, washed, and went down to the sitting-room to study. Our readers can imagine their surprise when they looked at the clock.

HERSEY LYON, a graduate of the New York Institution, can be seen almost every day sitting by Power's block, Rochester. What a picture of idleness he is! He merely smiles at any advice or question put to him by acquaintances. It is said that he is a little deranged, and cannot be induced to work at all.

A correspondent says: Achilles, in the JOURNAL of October 23d, speaking of the continual dissensions among the members of the Manhattan Literary Association, asks if some one will not give them some good advice. Certainly; and here it is, free gratis. Disband, go home, be virtuous, and the readers of the JOURNAL will thank you most heartily.

M. PAUL BERT has recently occupied his time in solving the problem of making people who are incompletely deaf hear distinctly. A microphone was constructed which enabled a deaf person to hear another at a distance. This apparatus is capable of reproducing sounds with an amplitude proportionate to that of emissions, and with their proper timbre.

Mr. SELAH WAT'S family were made seriously and for a time alarmingly sick, Sunday, by eating custard flavored with an extract supposed to be pure vanilla. The poisoning could be attributed to no other cause. Medical attendance was promptly secured, and the effects of the distressing cause were overcome.—*Jacksonville, Ill., Daily Journal, Nov. 4, 1879.*

The older pupils of the Ohio Institution have just now a mania for forming newspaper clubs. No less than a half a dozen have been started, each composed of from four to five persons. By thus clubbing together they are enabled to supply themselves with a daily paper, which each in turn can read. Not a bad idea, and were it put in practice in all of our institutions it would be the means of doing much good among the pupils.

Mr. JORICA R. PINK recently took to the Rochester Institution Sven Malmar, a former pupil of the New York Institution. It was by Mr. P.'s persevering effort that the pupil was at last transferred from New York by reason of his being too poor to go back so far. The boy working for Mr. Benedict, of Victory, N. Y., a part of the time last vacation, and Mr. Pink kindly took him to his home, and has been teaching him how to work on a farm.

PATRICK GOGGIN, who had been home for a month on account of the chills and ague, returned to the Rochester Institution three weeks ago, but, not feeling very well, has gone home again. He had been painting at the institution for two years, and is a very industrious and willing workman. He informed his friends on his return that his uncle was severely injured by a kick from a horse that he was turning out to pasture. As he slipped the halter from the horse's head, the animal turned, and playfully struck out with his heels. The uncle was hit on the forehead, and lay senseless for several hours before he was discovered. He died three days afterwards.

The late John R. Barnett and James Naek were intimate friends. Both took great interest in chess, and used to play a few games every time the former went to the latter's house. On his return, Mr. B. used to tell Mr. Howard of the result. Mr. B. took to chess as a duck does to water, and never failed to call Mr. H. for a game or two in the evening while at the New York Institution. One day, wishing to get rid of Mr. B., Mr. H. offered to play six games, agreeing that if he won all of them Mr. B. should not bother him again for a month; but if Mr. B. won only one he might play with him as usual. Mr. H. won five, and the sixth was drawn. Mr. B. felt disappointed, and said that if Mr. H. would continue to entertain him he would give him a present. Mr. H., of course, gave up his plan.

From Boston, November 9th, Professor Job Turner writes: "Last evening I called on Mr. and Mrs. George Homer in this city. There, as I was reading your paper of the 5th inst., I was surprised and amused at learning what Mr. Steers, of Meriden, Conn., said about that case. It is not mine, as I have not used any for many years, but I have at Mr. Homer's residence, for safety, two cases, long ago given to me as presents. One was made from the hull of the old frigate Constitution, which whipped the British frigate *Genet*, and the other from the famous farm which Daniel Webster owned at Franklin, N. H. I shall leave here for the South to-morrow with the two cases, which I shall present to my two sons, Charles and Loring, when I see them in Virginia."

THERE are twenty-six pupils in the blind department of the Minnesota Institution.

Mrs. NELLIE MERRIS, of Olathe, has lately been installed cook at the Colorado Institution.

A gasoline explosion recently occurred at the Kansas Institution, but fortunately no serious damage was done.

The total value of the buildings and grounds of all the deaf-mute institutions in the United States is \$5,766,238.

JOHN H. HARPER, formerly a pupil at the Illinois Institution, has lost the sight of one eye by being accidentally shot.

J. W. MULLINS was severely bruised by being struck by a train while walking on the railroad track at Sweetwater, Tenn.

ED. CARROLL, a former student of the National Deaf-Mute College, has removed with his parents from Cory, Pa., to Cleveland, O.

A festival in the interests of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes is talked of by the mutes of Cleveland. It may take place on the 3d of December.

PROFESSOR RALSTON, of the Colorado Institution, has been furnishing for the benefit of the Census Bureau all possible information concerning the deaf-mutes of the State.

Rev. SAMUEL ROWS officiated at Auburn, Me., Sunday, November 2d. Miss Proctor, a young lady, was baptized. Twenty-seven deaf-mutes were present, and the occasion was one of great interest.

P. W. PACKARD writes: "Please correct the mistake in the notice of your last issue. The service is to be held in Old Cambridge, not in Salem. Whose fault, yours or mine? Thank you for the insertion."

H. ERBE, of Southington, Conn., says: "Suggestions for a national convention were first offered by the public and published by yourself, therefore I would rather have it held at the place of your choice—Syracuse—August 25th, 1880."

Rev. A. W. MANN held two services, morning and afternoon, in the chapel of Grace Church, Cleveland, Sunday, November 9th. The morning service was dismissed 10 time for the communicants to attend the Holy Communion, which is celebrated weekly at that church.

PROFESSOR JOE TURNER has sent word to the JOURNAL that he is very sorry that it will be out of his power to drop in to see Mr. I. Norris Austin at Montrose, Penn., on his return to the South, where he is to prosecute his mission work again for the winter. He hopes he will have that pleasure next year.

SUNDAY, the 9th inst., nineteen deaf-mutes assembled at the Baptist church in Salem, Mass., to hear Professor Atwood preach. The sermon was full of interest and instruction, and was admired and praised. It is hoped that Professor Atwood may be again invited to give another interesting sermon before the Salem society.

PROFESSOR JOE TURNER writes: "Mr. and Mrs. George Homer, of Boston, Mass., both deaf-mute aristocrats, belonging to the respectable families of that city, last week gave a select soiree to nine deaf-mutes at their finely furnished residence. They would have invited me if I had been in the city at that time. The guests seemed to have a very enjoyable time."

DURING his brief visit to Hartford, last week, Professor Job Turner paid his respects to old Mrs. Eliza C. Clero, a venerable deaf-mute lady of 87 years. He was surprised to find her looking better and smarter than she did last month. She was sitting in the parlor down stairs when he called on her. He had a pleasant conversation with her for about half an hour.

DURING the vacation the school-house, chapel, and shop building were painted; a sewer was completed from the main building to a distant part of the garden, and a pit just south of the main building was dug for the matron's pets—her fowls. These, with others of minor importance, added greatly to the appearance and comfort of the institution.—*Kentucky Deaf-Mute.*

PROFESSOR JOE TURNER wrote from Boston, Mass., November 7th: "Last week I had a very grateful letter from my old pupil, Mrs. Ida Graeb, of 201 Hopkins street, Cincinnati, in which she said she had never forgotten her old teacher, though she had not seen him for 33 years, and that she would be glad to meet him the next time that he visits that city. She has five children, and is a good dress-maker. She must be a smart woman, doing well in the world. She was a little girl when she was placed under my tuition."

Mrs. Sarah Gullie, of Three Mile Bay, N. Y., and Miss Fidelia M. Morgan, of Watertown, N. Y., are visiting Mrs. G. J. Chandler and Miss H. A. Avery, of this village, having come here last Friday. They will probably stay in town a week longer, when Miss Gullie will return home, after having visited Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Jones, and Miss Morgan will go to Oswego, Syracuse, and other places to visit her relatives and friends till March. They propose to attend the next meeting of the Ontario Literary Association at Mr. L. N. Jones's, Friday evening, November 21st.

JOHN BOWDERS, Jr., of Marblehead, Mass., writes: "Enclosed you will find money for subscription to your excellent paper. I shall not send this away without a good word for your paper. It is a pity that I am at sea how to describe my admiration and love for the JOURNAL, so full of interesting news of the deaf-mutes. It seems as though I shall never turn away from it. If time permits I shall endeavor to send some items. May success crown you abundantly in your noble work for the benefit of the deaf-mutes, and a rich reward be awarded to you in your kind efforts to make your paper attractive and instructive, to the earnest prayer of your friend."

PROFESSOR JOE TURNER writes from Boston, November 8th: "Last evening I received a very kind letter from the Rev. Mr. Neilson, rector of St. Michael's Church, Trenton, N. J., informing me that he would like very much to accede to my request for the loan of his church, but that, as the design was to raise money for his new chapel and rectory, he would be obliged to decline for the present. He says he will be glad to have me come to his church at some other time. I shall, therefore, give up the idea of a service there next Thursday. 'Man proposes and God disposes.' I always say, 'It will be done, when I am disappointed. It would be surprising if I kept each of my appointments. I have put my whole trust in God's guiding providence.'

Have the National Deaf-Mute Convention in the East somewhere by all means. The Western never be left out in the cold, as the *Index* insinuates, as long as there is any hot weather to be found anywhere else. If there is a country on earth that is reliable for any one thing, it is the valley of the Mississippi for hot weather, in the summer time. In the East the heated term never lasts as long as it does in the West, and the thermometer rarely goes up so high. For comfort's sake, then, let the convention be held either at one of the Eastern Institutions or at some one west of the Mississippi Valley. There will hardly be any trouble about boarding the delegates. Wherever the conventions have been held hitherto, the institutions and the residents of the vicinity have willingly entertained delegates. This entertainment falls lightly upon all parties, and should be looked upon rather as a pleasure than otherwise.—*Gazette.*

Mr. and Mrs. JOHN BUTLER seem happy to possess a cunning boy baby. They named it Arthur Adams Butler.

A deaf-mute lady would like to know the address of Mrs. Clara Roberts, of Harlem, her old friend and classmate.

JOHN AUSTIN, engineer at the Michigan Institution, is a good hand to raise steam; but that is not all—he is said to be a good hand to raise cecily.

MISS SARAH WHITTIER, of Marblehead, Mass., a semi-mute, kindly presented the Industrial School some nice crochery. She has the heartiest thanks of the school. She always takes a deep interest in the welfare of the deaf-mutes. She often cheers the poor people up with presents.

OWEN W. EVANS, of Rome, N. Y., has been visiting his sister, Mrs. L. N. Jones, of Sand Hill, N. Y., for several days. He returns home Thursday evening, and will have a tale to tell his friends—that he saw a bear killed. It is true that he happened to see one shot in the town of Richland the other day.

As Mrs. Penda Bowden notices the approaching marriage of her classmate Edward Ould, she wishes him to accept her best congratulations and wishes for his happiness and prosperity. She would accept Miss Boughton's invitation to be present at the ceremony if she could go. Miss Ella Clapp shall also have a share for her happiness.

On Sunday, the 9th inst., an interesting evening service conducted by Professor Job Turner, a real friend of the deaf-mutes, was held at the Industrial School, Beverly, Mass. The text was ably explained, and the prayers were earnest and touching. It is much regretted that he will not be able to accept the invitation to preach until June or July, after his southern mission. Twenty-five deaf-mutes were present.

KATIE MILAN, of Milford, Mass., a graduate of the Hartford school, who has helped Mrs. John Bowden, of Marblehead, all summer, has just gone home to resume her work in the steam shop. Mrs. Bowden has been highly pleased with her ways in doing the household duties and treating her little boys. She seemed unwilling to let her go away. Katie would make a dutiful housekeeper, and also a good-natured wife if she should happen to be one some day.

A Jackson, Miss., writer says: "All of the officers and pupils are doing well at the Mississippi Institution. Mr. C. W. Carraway returned from the National Deaf-Mute College, and arrived here this morning. He paid a visit to the institution. We were very glad to see him. He said he enjoyed himself at the college. Mr. Morgan graduated at the Georgia Institution last year. He came here a few days ago, and went to live with his brother in Sumner Co., Miss. He is a good farmer."

ABOUT September Mrs. Penda Bowden made a short visit to Professor Atwood and his family in Newburyport, Mass., and enjoyed their agreeable company still more when Misses Richardson and Cullen were present. What pleasant evenings they passed together in social conversations and various games. Mr. and Mrs. Atwood and the above-mentioned ladies seem respectable and sensible. Indeed they deserve much praise for their nobleness and beauty of character. Little Laura, an only child, is a bright jewel, and seems to crown Mr. Atwood's home with happiness by her bright ways. Mrs. Atwood is much devoted to her little daughter.

At Providence, R. I., November 3d, Professor Job Turner wrote: "I take great pleasure in informing you of my pleasant service in this city, which took place last night in Mr. James Dunlop's parlor, which was converted into a holy place for deaf-mutes for the night. The readers of the JOURNAL, when they notice this, must call to mind the words of the prophet: 'The Lord is in His holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before Him.' The silent people gave their names as follows: James Dunlop and wife, Levi A. Lester and wife, Miss Cora B. Marks, Anna Wilkinson, of Fall River, Mass., Mrs. Asa Allen and her daughter Mable, Frank C. Tasker, James Dolan, Oscar Kinsman, Hugh McElroy, and others.

Belleville Institution.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., Nov. 18, 1879.

MR. EDITOR:—I suppose that, ere this, you have been expecting to hear from me some news from our institution since the session commenced. However, I thought I would not write until the bustle and hurry, which always accompany the opening of school, had quieted down, and things had got in running order for the year.

The term began on the 10th of September, and on that date between 180 and 190 pupils returned to school, and since then the number has been increased by fresh arrivals.

On the 18th of September Dr. Palmer tendered his resignation, which was accepted, and he was succeeded by Mr. R. Mathison, of Toronto, as superintendent.

Mr. Mathison takes a great interest in the welfare of the pupils, and under his skillful management new life and vigor seem to have been infused into the work of the institution. He is ably and cheerfully seconded by the teachers.

At the close of last session our old housekeeper, Mrs. M. Spaight, resigned her position here for that of matron of the blind asylum at Brantford. Her place has been since filled by Mrs. ——— Climie.

Mr. Coleman, teacher of the High Class, has lately been appointed as supervising teacher, and still retains his position as teacher.

J. J. Peake, late monitorial teacher, has resigned, and Miss M. Lorenzen, a former pupil, has been appointed in his place. As soon as the required number of pupils had arrived for the session a thorough classification was made, and the result has been most satisfactory to all concerned.

A new order of study has been introduced, having a list of subjects allotted to the different classes for each day of the week, with a time table attached, telling the hours at which each set is to be taught. This enables the superintendent to visit a class-room at any time, and personally make note of the pupils' progression in certain studies. At the same time the teacher examines them in said studies.

We have had a long, warm fall, but for the last week mid-winter weather and heavy snow storms, with glorious sleighing, which, however, lasted but a few days. To-day the Indian summer has fairly set in.

The general health of the pupils, and the sanitary condition of the institution, is excellent.

ZEPHYR.

New York Institution News.

"Old Probabilities," with his usual impartiality, has at last closed up the portals of summer, and we are now making preparations for the winter's campaign.

Out-door sports and pastimes are well represented, omitting, of course, the lighter ones. The absence of the annoyances common during warm weather is appreciated. Were a gymnasium to be constructed there is abundant reason to believe that in the end it would prove a most useful addition.

A new choir has been added to the list of improvements constantly taking place. This novelty was exhibited for the first time on Sunday, November 2d. It consisted of twelve intelligent little boys, selected from Mr. Reeves' class. Their performance on that occasion was of a very creditable character. By the new arrangement, the choir is selected every week from among the boys and girls, in the respective order of the classes. The chanting of the Doxology still remains the speciality of the bright little girls of Miss Montgomery's class. They perform this part of the service in a manner satisfactory to all and highly complimentary to themselves.

Tuesday, the 4th inst., being election day, was one from among those days on our calendar which we term "half-holidays." This respite from our accustomed duties was of course appreciated. Who would not take advantage of an extra hour or two such as we enjoyed? It cannot be impudently to us that we did not do so. School did not begin till 9 A. M. So the teachers had time to cast their votes. In the afternoon school was dismissed at 3 o'clock. The remainder of the day we had to ourselves. All together, the day passed off very quietly.

Excursions to High Bridge and its vicinity have been one of the popular diversions indulged in during autumn. These excursions have been composed mostly of members of the fair sex, accompanied by a teacher or the matron as body-guard.

The attendance of visitors this week has been pretty fair. The visitors' committee generally have their hands full in entertaining the numerous callers. Among the visitors on Wednesday, the 6th inst., were Mr. and Mrs. Storm and Miss Wainwright. There also called on the same day Mr. Winner, who was formerly stationed as police officer at the institution.

On Thursday occurred the first snow storm, but no visitors were registered. On Friday evening following Professor Clarke gave an interesting lecture, with the aid of the stereopticon, on New York city and Brooklyn. But the lecture was not confined throughout to the subject, but was interspersed with illustrations of famous paintings, places, and things not connected with the scenery of New York and Brooklyn, but, nevertheless, lending additional variety, by their contrast, to the other views. I have space to mention but one of these. This was called "Washington's Dream," and represented the Father of his country seated in his tent on the battle field. The storm of applause that greeted it would have convinced any one that we were not wanting in patriotism.

The "aristocratic" High Class had their serenity somewhat ruffled of late. Having come to a clear understanding of their importance as a body, the first consideration that presented itself was a proper method by which they could make their superiority felt. A second consideration, of equal importance, was to invent some plan by which they might be distinguished from others, not members. They at last hit upon a plan. This was to select some color, and, having done so, to insist upon all members purchasing ties to correspond with it. This was approved and adopted.

The exterior of the school building is undergoing renovation. Painters are now engaged giving a new coat to the cornices, and other improvements are contemplated.

The world is truly said to be a stage, and the actors men and women, and we form a little theatre in ourselves, though our acting is somewhat limited it is true. Yet the same capacity and incapacity prevails, the same prosperity, and adversity. The future is sealed, only to be revealed as the key of old father Time unlocks the way. Nothing has marred the even harmony in the changing of scenes on our miniature stage; and the writer, hoping, with all sincerity, the "even tenor" in which we are pursuing our way may not be interrupted, will bring his remarks to a close.

GOOSE QUILL.

New York, Nov. 7, 1879.

A DEAF-MUTE BOY BADLY FRIGHTENED.

Last summer a part of the pupils of the Rochester Institution went home. There were at the institution 9 or 10 boys at work. One of the boys named Charles Hagginan said to another, "I am not afraid of tramps or to go in the dark." The other thought to himself, "I will try him and see." So one night at about half past nine o'clock, when Hagginan was asleep, the boy he told he was not afraid, got up out of bed and ran to Hagginan's bed, and said, "There is a snake under your bed." Hagginan was excited, and ran to the other side of the room and stood on another bed.

A PUPIL.

—J. G. SOSS, of Quebec, has a contract from Paris for one million pairs of shoes, to be made by Foster, Constant & Co., of St. Saviour, who are to have a new factory, and employ 700 hands.

CINCINNATI AND VICINITY.

I observe with great pleasure that a very large majority of mutes of different States are in favor of holding the national convention in Cincinnati. Cincinnati is the most central location in the country. It can be reached from the North, East, West, and South. It has an advantage which no other city has. It is the Cincinnati Southern Railroad, which will be completed by the first of next month. It runs nearly to the Georgia line, and mutes in the South can easily and quickly reach this point. Also we have a music hall, the finest one in the United States. It contains the largest organ in America, and mutes need very loud music to enjoy between intervals. Some one wrote that Cincinnati was warm and dusty. He is mistaken. We have the finest hill-tops, five in number, and countless water sprinklers on the streets.

Death has again invaded us, and took away from our midst William Hills, who died two weeks ago of bronchitis which he contracted while working in a brewery last year, and lingered till death relieved him. He leaves a wife, also a mute, and one child. He and his wife were educated at Columbus. He was a good-natured fellow, and popular among his associates.

William J. Blount, who graduated at the Indianapolis school last June, has secured a situation in a shoe factory in this city, and is doing well.

F. Everhart, formerly of Ohio, and now employed in a boat factory, in Lafayette, Ind., paid a flying visit to his friends in this city a few weeks ago. He expressed himself highly pleased with the Hoos

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

THE COLLEGE FOR DEAF LADIES.

WHAT THE MEMBERS OF THE PHILADELPHIA YOUNG LADIES LITERARY SOCIETY HAVE TO SAY ABOUT IT.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Twice in the Journal well-written articles have appeared in regard to the establishment of a college for young ladies. They have proved very interesting, and have met with much favor from several young mute ladies who for a long time past have said much on the subject in private converse, and recently it was laid before the members of our Young Ladies' Literary Society to be quieted by years and nays.

One member, whose ambition will probably never soar outside of the walls of a primary institution, spoke freely on the subject, pointing out all the obstacles imaginable to hinder our onward course, and at last came to the conclusion that to establish a college for mute ladies was altogether out of the question. She went on to say that no sooner would the voice of woman be heard on the college question than a party of men would rise up against us, just as they always do when women wish to follow any calling that men have been distinguished in; that no man wanted a concealed wife or one whose learning would be superior to his; that no mute gentleman, no matter how learned he may be, cares to associate with or rarely enjoys the society of ladies of the Madame de Stael stamp; that, instead of stiff, dignified females, they want ladies whose manners and beauty attract attention, and with just enough learning to enable them to understand conversations and flirt with ease. Now, her petty, ironical little speech may have had some truth in it, but the other side remained unmoved, and determined as soon as some opportunity permitted to make their opinions known, and most earnestly assured her that no man, in the true sense of the word, would cast contempt on our cause, though some grown-up male individuals might.

We have not forgotten that the days of chivalry are well-nigh over, nor does our memory fail to recall the time when our once gallant cavaliers rebelled against woman's rights, and surrounded her with difficulties to prevent her from occupying the places that many of our sex now fill as doctors, dentists, preachers, and lawyers. In speaking of colleges for young mute ladies, we did not intend to intermix the subject with flitting or maternal duties, although we are aware of the fact that woman's education has proved of much benefit to the latter, and if men don't choose to have educated wives let them go among the unlearned; there is no scarcity of them. However, our evidence at present is sufficient to lead us to believe that the race of true men have not yet disappeared from the brow of our country. Had it been so they would not have expressed themselves so freely in our favor without any knowledge whatever of the many private deliberations on the matter. Still we are not satisfied, and wish to know if there is any one among our countrymen gallant enough to offer himself as leader in our cause, and not rest till he has succeeded in rearing a college for the higher education of young women similar to the one in Washington for gentlemen. If so, let him make it known, and his success will meet with louder applause than was ever bestowed on any of the world's greatest conquerors.

ADMIRAL.

Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 7, 1879.

ROCHESTER NOTES.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I beg your pardon for not contributing any news to your ever-welcome paper for two months, and I have made up my mind to be more prompt hereafter, as some of my most pressing work is done.

We have gathered in 450 bushels of potatoes, 115 barrels of best apples, and, besides, also 160 bushels of apples that we have not put into barrels. The supply will, I hope, last the whole season. Our institution had sweet corn from July last to October 22d. Who can beat that? It looks as if we were a mass of farmers who have finished our work for the winter, and can stay at home and offer Thanksgiving to God, from whom all blessings flow.

School re-opened with better prospects for the progress and welfare of the pupils than ever before. We have the same teachers as last year except Miss Kellogg, who resigned on account of illness. There will be no vacancy for the present. I will mention their names as follows: Professors Ellis and Sutherland, Misses Hamilton, Crosby, Ely, Thompson, McGill, and Tousey. Mrs. Westervelt will probably resume her duties after New Year's. There are 109 pupils on the roll.

Professor and Mrs. Westervelt started for New York October 16th, and we heard to-day that they are visiting Professor Ely, principal of the Maryland Institution. We expect them back this week, and sincerely hope that Professor W. will return greatly benefited by his trip.

On the 4th of October the pupils and teachers celebrated the anniversary of the third opening of the school by enjoying a social re-union in the boys' sitting-room. Dancing and various games were indulged in for two hours. It was a pleasant coincidence that this was also the birthday of our matron, Mrs. Whitman. The pupils showed hearty congratulations upon her, and she thanked them by treating them to some refreshments.

Our teachers have been making experiments with the new audiphone for some days, but found it of no use. I would thank Heaven if I could hear with that instrument. Perhaps I might as well try the dust-pan between my teeth.

Professor Edward P. Hart delighted us with his presence three weeks ago. He has been trying to regain his health in Cherry Valley during the past summer. He looks well and hearty, but says he does not feel able to teach this year. His old pupils miss him very much. He is a most genial and sincere friend of deaf-mutes.

Mr. Thomas Tousey, who was temporarily employed as book-keeper in the principal's office, left October 1st.

The 3d of November brought the first beautiful snow, which indicates that winter has come in earnest.

I learned by a letter from Buffalo that Willie Briel was appointed supervisor of the boys at the Buffalo deaf-mute institution. He was at school here for one year, but had previously been six years in Buffalo.

Thomas Goodison, whose school term here ended two years ago, was last winter appointed as assistant baker under the instruction and direction of our excellent housekeeper, Miss Winney. The place was only given him on trial, but he has succeeded well.

Michael Hackett, a pupil of this institution, left, with the principal's consent, a week after school recommenced, because of his age and his being anxious to earn money. Soon afterwards he was hired to trim trees on the premises of A. S. Mann on South Clinton street. While trimming he fell, and sustained an ugly fracture of the right collar bone. He was at once taken to St. Mary's Hospital, and the broken bone was set. I learned recently that he was doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances.

I enclose you seven items which may interest your readers.

Yours respectfully,

SIDNEY H. HOWARD.
Western New York Institution, Nov. 7, 1879.

SOME TALK ABOUT THE MEN.

Nearly all men desire to appear attractive to women. Various arts are practiced to arrest their attention and secure their admiration. One flourishes a cane, dons the latest style of a hat, wears fancy neckties, puts his pedicled extremities into thin, shiny box-toed boots, and hastily imagines that he is smashing hearts by the wholesale. Another talks largely of his business, his speculations and plans, his travels, and his own peculiar common sense, and sharp sagacity, thinking that after he has impressed woman with his greatness and her little-half the victory is won. Another bows his body about three feet from perpendicular, lifts his hat a foot from his oil-glazed cranium on rainy days, and rushes frantically to pick up a handkerchief dropped by his adored as though the fair owner was drowning and he was about to save her. He never speaks on any subject but what he imagines will please her, and he almost invariably supposes wrongly. He is very profuse with his compliments, and imagines the fair sex "always gaping for some of his flattery."

Some men, in the above way, and some in a higher and better way are endeavoring to secure the admiration of female society. That women like some of these things is very true. Having a taste for neatness, they like a neatly dressed gentleman. They like to see his toilet and manners in harmony and natural elegance. They like to see a young man an adept in the mode and etiquette of the hour. They like to have a man talk just enough about himself to show that he has some sense and some business power. They like a hat slightly raised, and a bow, as though they honor the sex because they have a mother, sister or wife. They like a man who talks to them as though they were possessed of some degree of intelligence, or as though he desired to make them intelligent, one who introduces science, art, or travel in conversation. An idea has obtained in society that it is not at all polite to speak upon a subject with which others are not familiar. This is an absurd mistake. Let a man once begin to talk sense to her who is thought to talk nothing, and cares for nothing excepting and saving brilliant nonsense, and he will find her a pleased listener.

There are some things that women dislike. They dislike neckties of all the hues of the rainbow. A plain black or white one fills the fancy of 99 women out of 100. A very brilliant necktie gives a man the air of a pop. Women of brains and good olfactory dislike smoking, although some young ladies profess to enjoy cigar smoke, and haven't the slightest objection to "Anthony Demosthenes" smoking in their presence. All men have not yet learned that women say a great many things that they do not mean, and, in spite of all that they may say in regard to "segaws," they know and feel that cigars will rob men's pockets, spoil their clothes, and make chimneys of their noses. Women dislike men who match pennies, and play mumble peg and marbles, as men dislike women who play with rag dolls. The benedicts cannot be too careful. If a man wishes to be thought perfectly splendid by all the young ladies in town, he should be devoted heart and soul to his wife. Let them see him put a shawl about her shoulders, a scarf about her throat, bring a chair for her when she is standing, and fan her when she is warm. He should brag about her bread, her cakes, her puddings, and her pies. And, least of all, he should make her and all others feel that she is the one

woman in all the world, then she will never have to say: "He loved me once; he does not love me now." And the young ladies will all be pointing him out as a model, and say, "What a pity that all the nice young men are married." A woman likes a man who is mainly in every sense of the word, one whose eyes flash the lightning of scorn on what is mean or ignoble, one who is polite because his heart is full of kindness to all, one who treats her with respect and deference because she is a woman, one who is pleasant, considerate, and dignified, one who has a good mind, and is constantly actuated by noble principles. Let me add as a finale:

"What he does do alone,
Yet he hopes it wins her thought;
All that to his soul has grown
To her sovereign feet is brought.
To his soul his image clings;
She seems woven in all things;
And each thought that in him stirs
Is not for his sake but hers."

MIGNON.

Indiana Institution, Nov. 4, 1879.

THE FEMALE DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE SUBJECT.

MR. EDITOR:—Your issue of October 16th contained a suggestive and well-written article on a college for deaf-mute women by "Rambling Soph," with which I was much pleased.

I should have made an earlier reply were not my time completely engaged by the multifarious duties which devolve upon a housekeeper at this busy time of the year. The subject has long been in my thoughts, yet I preferred that some one else should set the ball in motion. Does it not seem meet that those who enjoy the advantages of a higher education, and realize its benefits for their own sex, should be foremost to plead that these same privileges be extended to ours? True, the days of Knight Errantry are passed. Men no longer go forth armed *cap-a-pie* in steel-clad armor to break the lance in defense of lovely woman, but methinks chivalry is not extinct—that even in this hard matter-of-fact age men are not wholly given up to passion and pelf, but that the chivalrous sentiment refined by our civilization still lives, and finds ample field for its exercise in manly efforts for the advancement of woman. Indeed the wisest and noblest men are now, more than ever, earnestly considering this important subject, and one can hardly take up a paper that does not contain some topic bearing upon questions pertaining to woman's education and position. And when I read Professor Emery's late article, I was considerably chagrined that one who seems so profound a thinker should not have mentioned the necessity of a higher education for deaf-mute women as one of the foundation stones of those much needed reforms that he so earnestly labors for in the silent world. The low state of culture among mutes, of which he so justly complains, is due in a great measure to the fact that the influence of educated and refined ladies has not yet come to be felt as a power behind the throne. In this respect I hope not to be accused of exaggeration when I say that we are socially far behind or below the hearing people. But the light of progress seems to dawn, and the young deaf-mute ladies of the present day should realize what glorious opportunities are within their reach, and that they owe it to themselves, their sex, and their class to press on towards all they can achieve in education and self-culture. Practically considered, a collegiate education would doubtless open new and agreeable avenues of employment, which would bring to many women sources of solid happiness where they now but fall back upon a false destiny.

Objections may be urged that the requisite number of young ladies can not be found to start a college. The same objection was raised at the starting of the National Deaf-Mute College, and what is the result? I do not, however, advocate the immediate founding of a college for deaf-mute women. Indeed I have a theory of my own, in common with many others, regarding the co-education of the sexes, and after deaf-mutes have been so educated at their respective institutions why need they separate at the college door? Look at Cornell! In the female department is a young cousin of the writer. My idea is that accommodations for board could be provided near the National Deaf-Mute College, and the young ladies attend recitations in the classroom with the other students. Many would doubtless be much pleased to know President Gallaudet's opinion on this important subject. I hope other ladies, gifted with more leisure and eloquence, will take up the pen, and discuss the question in all its bearings.

Respectfully yours,

OLIVE.

Boston, Mass., Nov. 7, 1879.

HE LIKES THE JOURNAL AND DEAF-MUTE SOCIETY.

MILTON, MASS., Nov. 3, 1879.
FRIEND RIDER:—The snow is falling to-day.
I like the JOURNAL, and I want to subscribe for it. I send one dollar and fifty cents for it from November, 1879, to November, 1880.
I have often been to the Boston Deaf-Mute Society's hall every Sunday. I like to see the old and young deaf-mutes in their nice, large hall, which is good.
On Sunday, November 23, Professor W. H. Weeks, of Hartford, Conn., preached a good sermon from Jeremiah vii: 20 to the Boston Deaf-Mute Society.

Rev. John David, of Amherst, N. H., will preach for the society next Sunday.

Truly yours,

GEORGE W. DAVIS.

BOSS VANCE!

EDITOR JOURNAL:—"Stirring up old hash" is by no means a pleasant occupation, and none but a small mind, inflated with bombast and conceit, can take any delight in it. But when the hash is known to be made up of falsehoods the article becomes offensive to the nostrils of decent people, and ought then to be thrown to the dogs. "Clermont," "J. C. B.," and "Christie" are one and the same person, as any one can tell by a careful reading of the communications signed by those *nom de plumes*. This fellow is a moral and mental coward, and has only one idea in his head, and that is to make it appear that Mr. Vance was the boss of the Ohio Deaf-Mute Alumni Association, and that the presidency thereof was in his power to bestow upon whomsoever it pleased his lordship. But, as "a citizen of Ohio," the truth of history forces me to make a statement or two, which will be readily acknowledged by those who are acquainted with the facts in the case and desire to see truth vindicated.

In the first place it was an open secret, months before the association met, that Mr. Vance was itching for the presidency of the association, and doing his level best to secure it, and to this effect had one of his henchmen travel all over the State setting forth his superior claims for the place, and urging those who intended to be present to vote for him. It is a fact, not to be denied, that the headquarters of Mr. Vance during the re-union were hourly besieged by his backers, bringing in reports of the skirmishing. Having counted noses, and knowing what the result would be if he attempted to push his claims further, Mr. Vance, in order to save himself from the humiliation of defeat, as soon as he was nominated, mounted the stage, and asked to be excused from being considered a candidate for president, at the same time acknowledging before the association, and which can be vouched for by disinterested parties, that at the solicitation of friends, months before, he had consented to allow the use of his name for the office, and whom he desired now to thank for the interest they had taken in his behalf. Yet "Christie" insists in saying that Mr. Vance never considered himself a candidate. Indeed not at all! It was only a delicious bit of fun after all, and no doubt must have been royally enjoyed by all those who were interested in it.

In the second place "Christie" has the audacity to say that the friends of Mr. Vance were in the majority, but were too proud to run him for vice-president, and preferred to elect the "other college boy." But let us see now what the facts in the case are. At first he declined, but after a little coaxing from his groom and backers consented to make the race. And what was the result? Here it is from the secretary's records. Freeman, 126, Vance, 42, Rice, 2.

Too proud indeed! Ah, his friends were proud enough to allow his name to go before the association for vice-president, but not proud enough to elect him. What a host of friends he had indeed! I venture to remark that many who voted for him for vice-president would never have given him their support for the first office, and yet Brother "Christie" will have it that Mr. McGregor is only president by the grace of his Royal Highness Boss Vance. This is an insult to the intelligence and independence of the Ohio Deaf-Mute Alumni Association. Mr. McGregor was elected unanimously.

COLUMBUS.

Columbus, O., Nov. 7, 1879.

THE TORONTO DEAF-MUTE SOCIETY.

TORONTO, CAN., Nov. 6, 1879.
DEAR JOURNAL:—Find enclosed \$1 for the JOURNAL eight months from date, to be addressed to the Deaf-Mute Association, Y. M. C. A., Toronto.

The annual meeting of the Deaf-Mute Association was held last Wednesday, at which the officers for the ensuing year were elected. Notwithstanding the severe snow storm that evening, there was a large attendance. The following are the new officers, elected by ballot: John Smith, President; N. V. Lewis, Vice-President; Richard Slater, Secretary; Charles J. Howe, Treasurer; John L. Ellis, Librarian. After the election a vote of thanks was tendered to the retiring officers.

Through the kindness of the Young Men's Christian Association managers, the deaf-mutes have been given the free use of their room for the future. They have our hearty thanks.

RICHARD SLATER.

A LETTER FROM ANOTHER "NOM DE PLUME."

NEW YORK, Nov. 6, 1879.
EDITOR JOURNAL:—Please publish this article in your valuable and interesting paper if acceptable.

Lena Combs, a ten-year-old daughter of Mrs. Corbina Combs, who is now attending school at Columbus, O., resides at Shady Oak, Fulton county, in that State. She is able to hear, but cannot speak. Her father, who was some years ago killed by a fall from a passenger train, was buried somewhere in Ohio. I did not know him nor his daughter, but I know his wife. She (Lena) has a cousin named William F. Esselstine. He is being educated at the New York Institution. His home is in Osage, Ia., where his parents still live. I think that Carolina spent several weeks visiting her aged parents and two sisters in Dexter, N. Y., after Lena went to school, and had a nice time. One of her sisters lives in Adams Centre, N. Y., and is married. No doubt she then returned safely to her home.

Respectfully yours,

MEL.

A LETTER FROM REV. DR. T. GALLAUDET.

BOSTON, MASS., Nov. 6, 1879.
EDITOR JOURNAL:—I visited the Beverly farm yesterday, and at 2 p. m. we had a meeting of the trustees of the New England School for Deaf-Mutes. Things are moving steadily on towards success under the wise and persevering lead of the superintendent, Mr. W. B. Sweet. We hope that soon after January 1st Mr. R. H. Atwood will be at work with a class of new pupils.

I am stopping in Boston to-day attending to some matters pertaining to our work among deaf-mutes, expecting to be at home to-morrow.

Yours very sincerely,

THOMAS GALLAUDET.

A BUNDLE OF BREVITIES.

Now that the smoke from the bursted ward shells of "Students" and "Girls Graduates" has cleared away sufficiently for the armies on both sides to see each other's faces, and notice comments from neutral spectators, I must say that had the "Girls" ever been guests in the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. A. Hathaway, of Chicago, as I have several times been, they could not so ruthlessly have wounded their feelings as they doubtless did by publicly representing their only and dearly loved daughter as an unworthy woman, and if they had ever seriously considered what a *sad* thing it is to be an orphan, without even a brother or sister to look to for help or sympathy, they would not have put so bitter a drop in the cup of one ex-student as they did by their rough attack upon her whom he deliberately chose from a large circle of mute acquaintances, as the one most likely to realize his ideal of woman and home. If in times of excited feeling we would reflect that the words we feel impelled to utter will affect others than those to, or against, whom we directly address them we would surely speak and write less recklessly—more considerately—and the result would be less heart-wounding and mind-worrying as surely as "hearts and minds are tender things." I say this in simple justice to friends whose worth I know to be of no mean grade, and, that they may not think me too completely absorbed in my work to spare the joys of others, I desire, even at this late hour, to congratulate both parents and grandparents upon the arrival of that "boss boy," and hope he has come to stay long and do much towards making the world a better, happier place.

One opinion expressed by the president of the late Buffalo convention in his oration is too valuable to be laid aside and forgotten because it is wholly true, and always will be *apropos* in every community where mutes are found; and it should be repeated, repeated, and impressed upon the minds of those most concerned until it assumes the form of a fixed, honorable principle. This opinion sets forth in substance that it is ungrateful, even despicably mean for graduates, to make a practice of finding fault with the institution and teachers that educate them. We certainly ought to regard with gratitude and veneration those who emancipate us from the bondage of ignorance, and should bear in mind that it takes a vast amount of thought to manage State institutions,—that superintendents, principals, matrons, and teachers are like ourselves, *human*, and we must not assume the right to denounce them as totally depraved, because we see their humanity cropping out once in a while in a way that does not strike us favorably. Besides these considerations, a strong argument to forbear fault-finding with institutional affairs is, that if indulged in among people not conversant in the matter, we may frighten timorous or parsimonious parents into keeping their children at home, to grow up in heathenish ignorance.

The "Student" who lately advocated a college for mute girls deserves their everlasting gratitude, and I hope other mute gentlemen will rally around the standard of *justice* that he has so gallantly hoisted, and will help him storm the official forts of prejudice and *unfairness* until their occupants acknowledge themselves conquered, and generously go to work to the tune of a "national deaf-mute ladies' college" wherein girls of an aspiring turn of mind may demonstrate that they are as plucky, ambitious, and capable as their brothers, so long more highly favored.

Mr. E. Jewell has done himself much credit, and the mutes throughout the country a lasting favor, by making the suggestions with which he closed his article that appeared in the October 23d number of the JOURNAL, and it is to be hoped that the text he has so wisely given will be enlarged upon by the leading mutes until the subject of encouragement and patronage among our class assumes its rightful proportions, and mutes become more eager to help one another.

Seeing the Brooklyn *Leader* frequently mentioned in other deaf-mute papers, I wondered what sort of a publication it really was, and was pleased when the arrival of a copy enabled me to judge for myself. Typographically and editorially it is certainly equal to the other deaf-mute papers in their infantile days. If its editor has made mistakes in managing it, so did all the others when they first started on their paper journey; and I fancy that even yet, after years of experience, there is not one who claims infallibility, but if there is among them all one who dares to do it, I'll ask to take charge of his paper and help him into a lunatic asylum as soon as I learn his name, for I hold that infallibility does not exist upon this mundane sphere. If Dr. Gallaudet has been injured by the *Leader* I am truly sorry, but as other

papers have made equally ugly charges against other persons, who if not as high socially as Dr. G. are just as sensitive, and as they try to obey the great Master's teachings of forgiveness and love of enemies, he, as a teacher of righteousness, will be the first to rejoice if Mr. Bond can succeed in weathering the gale of discouragements which now threaten to wreck his paper, and make it, true to its name, a leader of deaf-mute news and interests. In truth, I think such a paper as the *Leader* can become as needed in the mute community for the reason that many mutes are not interested in the institution papers because, as they are all largely dependent upon the patrons of their several institutions, they cannot speak out on all subjects, but must leap cautiously along on the policy side, holding honest opinions, or true principles in check, lest there be a reduction in the length of their subscription lists. As a proof of this view of the subject is not mere guessing, I have had manuscript returned to me from a leading institution office, the editor saying in substance that he liked it very well, but as many of their subscribers were Catholics he was afraid of stirring them up against the institution. This, not that I had assailed the Catholics, or any other denomination, but simply because my own religious belief was merged in a portion of the article. What wonder that, as I laid away the unfortunate story, I asked, in bitterness of spirit, "Where is that independence for which our fathers fought? Where is our often-boasted religious liberty? Alas! where? Since we, the children of the nineteenth century, even in its declining days, thus ignobly bow and cringe, defer and yield to foreign despotism. That a paper not thus trammelled by policy,—not thus afraid of offending leading religious or official bodies, but which will speak out independently upon all topics interesting to the general mute reader,—is a desideratum, and will become more and more apparent to the 30,000 deaf-mutes throughout the Union because as the Church Mission to Deaf Mutes, which has increased its circuit so rapidly, continues to enlarge its operations and efficiency the JOURNAL, as its organ, will very probably become more and more religious in its tone, and have less and less space for secular news, or common-place matters. The need which this highly probable state of things will create, not even the *Deaf-Mute Advance*, which claims to be even more thoroughly independent than the JOURNAL, can fully supply; consequently there is plenty of room, as well as plenty of work, for the *Leader* in the mute newspaper circle, and, as its name and location cannot be improved, it seems to me a pity to kill it, or even to passively let it die, because of mere personal grievance, even though that grievance be considerable. True, it is terribly hard sometimes to overlook a wrong done us. Soul and flesh cry out against it; friends urge punishment; but the hardness makes it none the less a duty, and often, very often, the highest test, the truest proof of Christianity, is embodied in the word *renew*.

[The writer is wrong in her opinion in one respect: the JOURNAL is not the organ of any society, church, or clique, and never has been. It is, and always has been, absolutely independent, and will continue so to be. While we publish considerable religious reading, we publish more secular news than any other deaf-mute paper, always have, and shall keep right on doing so, and shall independently insert in our columns, whether religious or secular, whatever we deem best for our paper and its readers.—ED. JOURNAL.]

However greatly others may have rejoiced over the demise of the *Silent World*, or however greatly they will rejoice if the *Leader* becomes a failure, I did not rejoice at the suspension of the former, and shall not if the latter is discontinued, nor can I ever rejoice at the failure of any deaf-mute enterprise that is not entirely evil in its tendency. I would have all mutes succeed, not fail, excel, not drive along in mediocrity, walk in unity, not in jealous strife, and live in love, not bitter enmity.

ANGIE FULLER.
Savanna, Ill., Nov. 6, 1879.

FIRST SURPRISE PARTY OF THE SEASON.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—There was a surprise party at Mr. and Mrs. John Benedict's at Levanua, N. Y., on the 29th ult. On that day Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Taber, Miss Sarah Whalen, and Mr. Joynt went in Mr. Taber's democrat wagon to Levanua, dodged around the corner to Mrs. Taber's cousin's, who lives a few rods from Mr. Benedict, unseen by him, and waited about an hour for a train from Cayuga containing some deaf-mutes. A few minutes after they got to the depot, the 5:15 p. m. train arrived at Levanua, and they met Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey, Mrs. James Jones, Misses Jennie Dyer and Kitty Beardsley and Mr. Jacob H. DeShong, with baskets, containing oysters, crackers, cakes, etc. They went directly from the depot to Mr. Benedict's house, and Mr. Taber knocked at the door. Upon opening it Mr. Benedict stared at the invading party, and wondered why there were so many of them, but instantly said that it was a surprise party. In an hour Mr. and Mrs. Denton, Mrs. Youngs, and Mrs. Totten arrived in Mr. Denton's splendid hack. Under the seats of the hack there were two large baskets and a mammoth coffee-pot.

Mr. and Mrs. Benedict were quietly surprised and much pleased to see the company. During the night the visitors enjoyed themselves very much, and played different games.

At 12 o'clock a large table was heavily

laden with everything just right for dinner—not anything lacking.

Mr. James Jones, who works for Mr. Davis, of Cayuga, could not leave his work till 6 p. m. to get ready, and was obliged to walk to Levanua, eight miles distant, arriving there at 10 p. m. No trains leave Cayuga after 5 p. m., and that is the reason why he had to walk to Levanua. He had to return to Cayuga on foot before sunrise, in order to get there in time to work.

At about 2 a. m. Mr. and Mrs. Denton, Mrs. Young, and Mrs. Totten left Levanua, and stayed till morning at Mr. Charles Young's house. The others talked and played till sunrise, then all left for Cayuga in a steamboat except Mr. and Mrs. Taber, Mr. Joynt and Miss Whalen who stayed till about 9 a. m., and went home in the same wagon in which they went to Levanua.

A few speaking persons attended the party, among whom were Mrs. Young, of Geneva, her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Charles Youngs and Mrs. John DeShong.

Mr. and Mrs. Benedict were recently married, and seem to live happy on the east shore of the beautiful Cayuga Lake.

ONE OF THE PARTY.

Those Failing to Marry Preach!

MR. EDITOR:—Some two weeks ago there appeared in the columns of your paper a long-winded article on marriage, written by one whom Providence saw fit should never be anybody's wife. The author of the said article happens to be a lady of my acquaintance. She has one very bad habit, and that is too often writing on subjects that she knows nothing of, and she generally does so out of spite or disappointment. In consequence of this, she has heaped upon herself the scorn and displeasure of many. In her article she calls marriage a "whirlpool of unhappiness," very likely because she knows not what marriage is. It is quite true that some marriages are what she terms them, but the cases are rare, else very few would put themselves into the matrimonial state. What was woman created for but to become the wife of some man? "And He created Eve for a helpmeet to him." If the reason of woman's coming into existence was not to become a wife, and bear children, surely no woman would be visible on earth to-day. It is every man's fortune, be he rich or poor, to marry. It would be woman's, too, but then women do not seek, but are sought after by men. The writer of that article thinks (!) otherwise, however, and attempts to make a preacher of herself by advising the girls whom and whom not to marry. If a white woman likes to marry a colored man it is nobody's business to give her "a bit of advice." The great law and God-given rights of all are this, marry whom you will—whom you love. The very style of her language indicates plainly that she is one of those who sought in vain for a husband, and after all hopes were gone betook herself to writing piteously of marriage. When she speaks of a helpless and sickly wife and the like no one can mistake that she refers to herself. But she ought to have better sense, and know that no one would, or could afford to, marry a woman a total wreck in health. She has the writer's deepest sympathy for her unfortunate condition, but she has so far conducted herself of late by her style of writing, and the subjects she chooses to write upon, as to lose almost all the respect the writer herself once cherished for her.

Any intelligent reader who pursued the said article cannot help "seeing her in her true light," and know why she wrote such. It was very foolish of her to thus write, as others will have a chance to comment upon her. Persons disappointed in love, and who, from various causes, cannot get any one to marry them, must not expect the scoffing world to treat them with leniency after they expose themselves in the manner the writer of that article has done. Moral: Keep all your troubles, disappointments, and misfortunes to yourself.

A WIFE.

Deaf-Mutes Married.

DUNCANON, PA., Nov. 10, 1879.
DEAR EDITOR:—On the evening of October 23d, at the residence of Mr. John Mohler, at Mechanicsburg, Pa., Miss Laura C. Mohler was married to Mr. Robert M. Henderson, of Washington county, Pa., by Rev. M. Ort, pastor of the Lutheran church. They both graduated from the Pennsylvania Institution. The Mechanicsburg *Journal* says:

"A very interesting marriage ceremony was celebrated on last Thursday evening. The bride and groom, Miss Laura C. Mohler and Mr. Robert M. Henderson, as well as the bridesmaid and groomsmen, were deaf and dumb. Rev. Mr. Ort, of the Lutheran church, officiated. The ceremony, the questions, answers, etc., were interpreted by the bridesmaid by the sign-language in a manner both pleasing and interesting to all who witnessed the performance."

A 79-year-old maid, who was quite ill in Johnstown, told the doctor that she had never been hugged by a man in her life, and asked for one kiss. The gallant doctor complied with the request, of course, and she got well. When the doctor got home he told the story to his wife. He is balder than he was.

Yours respectfully,

SUBSCRIBER.
—The number of new buildings erected in Brooklyn from May 31, 1878, to May 31, 1879, was 1,125. Their assessed value as fixed by the Board of Assessors is \$1,958,100.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

There are 38,000 Knights of Pythias in Pennsylvania.

About five thousand women are employed in British coal mines.

Russia has more sheep than any other country in Europe.

In the new Eddystone Lighthouse, off the Cornish coast, the electric light will be tried.

Two rings, supposed to be over 1,000 years old, were recently ploughed up at Orkney, England.

An English party of five persons recently went in bathing at Boulogne, and four of them were drowned.

It is estimated that over 2,500,000 people have taken up homes in the West and South in the past five years.

It is said General Grant has been offered the presidency of the Texas Pacific railroad at a salary of \$50,000.

Europe has 57 technological academies or high schools. Of these Germany possesses the largest number, ten.

They are talking of running a cable across the river at Niagara Falls, from which a car may be hung above and in front of the cataract.

The Sons of Temperance number about 90,000 in North America, the Temple of Honor 20,000, and the Good Templars, whose order extends to many nations, number some 450,000.

In Belgrade cases of suicide are so unknown that recently, when a rich merchant killed himself in a fit of insanity, the whole population turned out and was intensely excited. Insanity is very rare in Serbia.

Willie Kingsbury picked a double apple on his uncle's farm in Tamworth, N. H., which is composed of two good sized perfect apples, joined on one side. It has two stems, and is otherwise perfect. It is quite a curiosity.

Tewkesbury Abbey, which was erected seven and a half centuries ago by a kinsman of William the Conqueror, and which is known as one of the finest Norman structures in England, has been restored at a cost of \$45,000, and re-opened.

Automatic cars, driven by compressed air, are being tried on the various horse-car lines of New York, and the president of the Third Avenue line, the largest in the city, says he believes the days of horses on street railways are numbered. People want to go faster. It is the influence of the elevated line.

A grandson of Burns lately died at Moorhead's Hospital, at Dumfries, Scotland. He had been a teacher in earlier life, assisted by his wife; but, after her death, he attempted to gain a livelihood by book-keeping. Finally he was so reduced that he was compelled to seek refuge in the poor house, whence, through the efforts of friends, he was removed to the hospital where he died.

A friend and neighbor has a relative, a practical Christian, who has a forcible way of putting things. The other day the subject of death-bed repentance was under discussion, when he said: "Some men think they can live any kind of a life, yet save their souls by a so-called repentance a few hours before death; but I have my doubts as to how that kind of washing will dry when hung out on the heavenly clothes-line."

The bank of England was incorporated in 1694. It covers five acres of ground and employs nine hundred clerks. There are no windows on the street. Light is admitted through open courts; no mob could take the bank, therefore, without cannon to batter the immense walls. The clock in the centre of the bank has fifty dials attached to it. Large cisterns are sunk in the court and engines in perfect order are always in readiness in case of fire.

The American Humane Association recently in session in Chicago, after listening to a detailed report by its agent, Mr. Zadoc Street, showing that live animals were transported in great pain and discomfort, and that cattle, pigs and geese were frequently carried for several days, and sometimes for a week, without water, passed a vote offering \$5,000 to the inventor of a car in which animals can be fed and watered in transit, the car not to be patented.

In an English town recently a man, described as a "second-hand gentleman," seeing a child drowning, merely advised its father, whom he met while walking away from the distressing spectacle, to make haste if he wished to rescue it. At Birmingham a little boy of six years fell into a canal while in a fit, and four men stood on the bank and watched his struggles instead of rescuing him. Two little girls ran for help, and the boy was got out, but not in time to save his life.

The Wilmington (N. C.) Star says: "A colored woman drove into town with a cart from Cape Fear township, recently, in the bottom of which her husband was lying perfectly helpless with fever, while clustered around him were five of their children, all suffering more or less in the same manner. They were sick with bilious fever, and the mother, who was the only one in the family, bundled the whole 'posse' into the cart and brought them to the doctor. The City Physician prescribed for them, and they returned home again to test the efficacy of the medicines."

SUNDAY READING.

SATISFIED.

O Jesus! Friend unfailing!
How dear art Thou to me!
Are cares or fears assailing?
I find my strength in Thee!
Why should my feet grow weary
Of this my pilgrim way?
Rough though the path, and dreary,
It ends in perfect day!

Naught, naught I count as pleasure,
Compared, O Christ, with Thee!
Thy sorrow, without measure,
Earned peace and joy for me!
I love to own, Lord Jesus,
Thy claims o'er me divine;
Bought with Thy blood most precious,
Whose can I be but Thine?

What fills my heart with gladness?
Thy love abounding grace!
Where can I look, in sadness,
But, Jesus, on Thy face?
My all is Thy providing;
Thy love can ne'er grow cold;
In Thee, my Refuge, hiding,
No good will Thou withhold.

Why should I droop in sorrow?
Thou art ever by my side!
Why, trembling, dread the morrow?
What ill can e'er betide?
If my cross have taken
Thy but to follow Thee;
If scorned, despised, forsaken,
Naught severs Thee from me!

O worldly power and glory!
Your charms are spread in vain!
I've heard a sweeter story!
I've found a truer gain!
Where Christ a place prepareth,
There is my loved abode!
There shall I gaze on Jesus!
There shall I dwell with God!

For every tribulation,
For every sore distress,
In Christ I've full salvation,
Sure help, and quiet rest.
No fear of foes prevailing!
I triumph, Lord, in Thee!
O Jesus! Friend unfailing!
How dear art Thou to me!

Christian Expression.

"There could have been no silent Redeemer, and, believe me, my friends, He can have no expressionless representatives."

So said the preacher this morning, and to-night Ruth calls up the saying, and we ponder it.

"Years ago," she remarks, "we read on one of our Sabbath evenings a poem about 'The Silent Christ.' I shall always remember it. It spoke of the Saviour's boyhood and young manhood—of how He walked Judea's hills, and gave no sign of the divinity within Him—and always since then I have seen at times the picture drew of Redeemer's silent years. It must have been a true picture; and yet the preacher did not declare amiss. Christ was not silent after His redeeming mission began. All His life then was just a wonderful speech. How men listened to it! How they are listening still!"

"But if His followers be not voiceless," one asks, "do they echo their Master's speech?"

"Not often enough," is her answer. "How can they? They are not divine. They are very human. They speak out of human difficulties, and human besetments, and the ten thousand surroundings that annoy and perplex. They are fretted and harassed, and borne down. Their tongues are led astray, and utter sad testimonies. But they do somehow give expression. They are not dumb. Representing Christ before men, they speak for Him or against Him, whether they will or no. And the world listens, moved for good or ill."

"Would it not be better if we were voiceless for Christ, since we cannot give testimony in a wise way?"

"No. We must learn the wisdom of testifying. We must seek to live right, that our expression may be helped, and true to Christian faith. Ours is not a testimony of the lips—that amounts to little—but of the life, and this amounts to much. Though we be dumb as statues, we may speak so that many shall hear and heed. It was not in His words alone, marvelous and profound as they were, that Christ spoke loudest to those around Him. He was eloquent for humanity in every act. No tributes of speech could have so tenderly sanctified human being, with all its possibilities, as did He sanctify the same when He walked and wrought."

"But we cannot do as He did?" "Certainly not. We cannot raise the dead—save dead purposes to live nobly and unselfishly, and dead resolves to be pure of common sins; we cannot heal the sick, and bless the blind, and make a present heaven for those of perfect faith. Yet we can imitate the Master's life, and thus in some faint degree echo His abiding speech. We can look at His modest denial of self, and be more unselfish. We can see how He loved men, and be more forbearing. We can remember how He suffered for the world, and be more patient as in the world we are made to suffer. We can see how He trusted in very deep darkness, and be more trustful when clouds pass over us."

Ah, yes. We can give a truer testimony that Christ did well so to speak and die for us all. And men will note it, if we do, and will ask what such living speech can mean.

Do little things as if they were great, because of the majesty of the Lord Jesus Christ, who dwells in thee; and do great things as if they were little and easy, because of His omnipotence.—Pascal.

Oh, how rare it is to find a soul still enough to hear God speak.—Fenelon.

CONDENSED NEWS.

—Belleville, Ont., asks for a House of Refuge.

—Eight ear-loads of immigrants left Montreal November 4th for Manitoba.

—The Arkansas River is reported to be entirely dry at Big Bend, Indian Territory.

—Queen Victoria's annual income from all sources is said to be \$2,050,000.

—A fire in Helena, Ark., destroyed five buildings, causing a loss of \$100,000.

—General Hooker, of the United States Army, died a few days ago at Garden City, Long Island.

—Henry B. Blackwell has been elected President of the American Woman's Suffrage Association.

—United States Senator Zachariah Chandler, of Michigan, died very suddenly a few nights ago in Chicago.

—It is reported that some of the trunk railroad lines have ordered the building of 7,000 new freight cars.

—Ann Atkinson, arrested for drunkenness, committed suicide in a Brooklyn station-house by strangulation.

—John McKay, a Toronto blacksmith, was run over and killed by a train on the Grand Trunk Railroad.

—Assassins tried to shoot the Major of the Eighth Austrian Infantry Regiment, but the officer escaped unharm.

—An international exhibition will open in Berlin on the 20th of April, 1880. The prizes will be valuable and numerous.

—A London physician who advertised for a lady housekeeper, offering liberal terms, received eleven hundred applications.

—Miss Carrie F. Judd, aged 21, and who had been sick since 1877, it is said has been restored to health as a result of prayer.

—Albert Kutcher, aged 11, was fatally sealed by falling through a trap into a vat of hot beer mash at Bridgeport, Conn.

—One hundred agriculturists, principally young men from the Ottawa District, left Ottawa November 5th for Manitoba.

—The steamship Bothnia, from Liverpool, arrived at New York with half a million in specie, and the Persia brought \$480,000.

—The temperance men of Belleville, Ont., deplore the frightful increase of intemperance among the young men of that city.

—At a fire which destroyed the Union Gymnasium Club stables in Elizabeth, N. J., causing \$48,000 loss, an unknown man was burned to death.

—Carlotta, widow of the ex-Empress Maximilian of Mexico, has been deranged, but strong hopes are now entertained for her complete recovery from insanity.

—An ox that had been bitten by a mad dog, at Orwigsburg, Pa., had the hydrophobia, and was shot after his owner came very near being gored to death.

—A large amount of barley is being shipped by way of Cape Vincent to Philadelphia from Kingston instead of being sent by way of Oswego, as formerly.

—One hundred and fifty-nine thousand dollars' worth of buildings have been erected in Ottawa during the past year.

—The new canal boat James Elder loaded 9,012 bushels of barley at Oswego—the largest canal boat load ever taken out of that city.

—It is stated that since 1870 the city and county officers of St. Louis have defaulted to the amount of \$463,000, of which only \$167,000 has been recovered.

—James Jones, captain and owner of the canal boat Scottish Chief, was crushed to death in lock No. 2, at North Albany, N. Y., in the presence of his wife and children.

—The Atlantic and Gulf Railroad has been sold under the decree of the United States Court, in Savannah, for \$300,000 over the first mortgage and other claims, to H. B. Plant.

—A Berlin despatch says that Prince Bismarck has requested the Russian Government to withdraw a force of twenty thousand cavalry from Poland on the borders of German territory.

—Cyrus Seaver, of Waterbury, Vt., imbibed the idea that he must set fire to a building every Wednesday or die. He burned dwellings on three successive Wednesdays before he was detected.

—The war ship Pyramus, which was captured by Admiral Nelson from the Danes in one of his famous engagements, and which served as a training ship at Halifax, has been sold for \$7,000.

—The steamship Great Eastern, which has long been laid up at Milford Haven, is about to be overhauled, provided with new machinery, and adapted to the conveyance of live cattle from Canada to the United States.

—Robert Goodpaster, of Owingsville, Ky., was a sensitive bankrupt. Being accused of trickery, he said that he would live just long enough to clear himself of suspicion, and then kill himself. A trial at law vindicated him, and then he swallowed a fatal dose of poison.

—A girl sixteen years old, of Port Byron, N. Y., was arrested for stealing money from her employer. She confessed, said she took the money to buy a new bonnet, said it would be her last offense of the kind, and, at her request, was sent to the House of Correction for reformation.

THE SUN FOR 1880.

The Sun will deal with the events of the year 1880 in its own fashion, now pretty well understood by everybody. From January 1st to December 31st it will be conducted as a newspaper, written in the English language, and printed for the people.

As a newspaper, The Sun believes in getting all the news of the world promptly, and presenting it in the most intelligible shape—the shape that will enable its readers to keep well abreast of the time with the least unproductive expenditure of time. The greatest interest to the greatest number—that is, the law controlling its daily make-up. It now has a circulation very much larger than that of any other American newspaper, and enjoys an income which it is at all times prepared to spend liberally for the benefit of its readers. People of all conditions of life and all ways of thinking buy and read The Sun; and they all derive satisfaction from some sort from its columns, for they keep on buying and reading it.

In its comments on men and affairs, The Sun believes that the only guide of policy should be the general interest of the community, and that principles and backed by honesty of purpose. For this reason it is, and will continue to be, absolutely independent of party, class, clique, organization, and the like. It is not influenced by motives that do not appear on the surface; it has no opinion to sell, save those which may be had by any purchaser with two cents. It hates injustice, and the selfishness more than it has any unnecessary words. It abhors frauds, juries, and deceptions of every species. It will continue throughout the year 1880 to champion the truth, to defend the second, and to denounce the third. All honest men with honest convictions, whether sound or mistaken, are its friends. And The Sun makes no bones of saying the truth to its friends and about its friends whenever occasion arises for plain speaking.

These are the principles upon which The Sun will conduct the year 1880. The year 1880 will be one in which no patriotic American can afford to close his eyes to public affairs. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the year 1880. It is a year in which the exciting contests of the Republican and Democratic parties, now nearly equal in strength throughout the country, the varying drift of public sentiment, and the bearing of the election, upon the twenty-fourth Presidential election, to be held in November. Four years ago next November the will of the nation, as expressed at the polls, was thwarted by an absolute conspiracy, the promoters and beneficiaries of which still hold the offices they stole. Will the crime of 1876 be repeated in 1880? The past decade of years opened with a corrupt, extravagant, and insolent administration entrenched at Washington. The Sun did something towards dislodging the gang and breaking its power. The same men are now endeavoring to restore the leader and themselves to places from which they were driven by the indignation of the people. Will they succeed? The coming year will bring the answer to these momentous questions. The Sun will be on hand to chronicle the facts as they are developed, and to exhibit them clearly and fearlessly in their relations to expediency and right.

The year 1880 will be a year of philosophical good humor in looking at the minor affairs of life, and in great things a steadfast purpose to maintain the rights of the people and the principles of the Constitution against all comers. The Sun is prepared to write a truthful, instructive, and at the same time entertaining history of 1880.

Our rates of subscription remain unchanged. For the Daily Sun, for length of time, of twenty-eight columns, the price by mail, post-paid, is 55 cents a month, or \$5.50 a year; or, including the Sunday paper, an eight-page sheet of the same price, is \$6.50 a month, or \$77.00 a year, postage paid.

The Sunday edition of The Sun is also furnished separately at \$1.20 a year, postage paid. The price of The Sun, for length of time, of twenty-eight columns, is \$1.20 a year, postage paid. For clubs of ten sending \$10 we will send an extra copy free.

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WHAT TURKS DRINK.

In Turkey, where wine and intoxicating

drinks are forbidden by the Koran, the

juice of the grape is boiled down

in great quantities and commonly used

in the household, as much as we use

jam, answering the purpose of both

butter and jam. It is considerably

thicker than treacle, and in winter can

be cut with a knife like butter. It is

put up in goat skins, and is a common

article of trade in the market. It is

called a "pek mez," and is used as a

drink when diluted with water. It

tastes somewhat like new cider.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

generally conceded to be the best,

most newsy and high-toned weekly

newspaper published for the deaf and

dumb. It has the largest circulation

of any paper of its kind, has a very

large staff of intelligent and reliable

correspondents throughout the world,

and is considered remarkably cheap at

\$1.50 a year. Subscribe without delay,

try it for a year, and the price will

be found to be well invested.

Ex-Queen Isabella is a good amateur

photographer.

The Deaf-Mute National Re-union.

We desire all deaf-mutes of this country who intend to attend the national re-union to send their names, addresses, and the designated places and specified days of August, 1880, at which and on which they desire to have the re-union held. The time to accomplish this purpose is extended till January 1st, 1880, when a count of the votes will take place, and the place and day preferred by a majority will be finally decided upon.

Below we insert the names of deaf-mutes who have already expressed their preferences:

CINCINNATI.

1. P. A. Emery, of Illinois, - - August 11th.
2. J. E. G. Schaefer, of " - - " 15th.
3. James Fisher, of Georgia, " - - " 15th.
4. H. S. Morris, of " - - " 15th.
5. M. S. Freeman, of " - - " 15th.
6. A. Rembeck, of " - - " 15th.
7. E. C. Duncan, of " - - " 15th.
8. J. T. Bowen, of " - - " 15th.
9. T. H. Coleman, of South Carolina, " 24th.
10. W. N. Sparrow, of Massachusetts, " 24th.
11. R. Reed, of Wisconsin, " - - " 25th.
12. R. L. H. Long, of Ohio, latter part of Aug.
13. W. E. White, of New Hampshire, - - 24th.
14. F. W. Shields, of Wisconsin, August 25th.
15. R. M. Zeigler, of Pennsylvania, " - - 25th.
16. E. L. Van Damme, of Michigan, " - - 25th.
17. J. F. Kelly, of Minnesota, " - - 25th.
18. W. Robinson, of Wisconsin, " - - 25th.
19. L. A. Palmer, of Tennessee, " - - 25th.
20. John Vets, of Ohio, " - - 25th.
21. W. A. Nelson, of Iowa, " - - 25th.
22. A. Kiesel, of Delaware, " - - 25th.
23. F. W. Shaw, of Ohio, " - - 25th.
24. J. M. Koeller, of Pennsylvania, " - - 25th.
25. J. A. Trundle, of Maryland, " - - 25th.
26. A. H. Abrahams, of Pennsylvania, " - - 25th.
27. P. S. Morley, of " - - 25th.
28. S. S. Haas, of " - - 25th.
29. R. N. Stevenson, of Ohio, " - - 25th.
30. F. W. Wood, of Massachusetts, " - - 25th.
31. E. O. Herr, of Kentucky, " - - 25th.
32. M. B. Brown, of Indiana, " - - 25th.
33. L. N. Hammer, of Tennessee, " - - 25th.
34. F. Fox, of New York, " - - 25th.
35. C. R. Spoor, of New York, " - - 25th.
36. M. J. Kendrick, of New York, " - - 25th.
37. P. J. Haenstab, of Indiana, " - - 25th.
38. J. L. Kiesel, of Minnesota, " - - 25th.
39. C. W. Collins, of Nebraska, " - - 25th.
40. C. W. Corliss, of Mississippi, " - - 25th.
41. J. T. Sanson, of Indiana, " - - 25th.
42. A. H. Schaefer, of Ohio, " - - 25th.
43. C. C. Cordery, of Illinois, - - Aug. 30th.
44. M. D. Lyon, of Kentucky, " - - 25th.
45. L. W. Cullahan, of Pennsylvania, " - - 25th.
46. W. Brooking, of Ohio, " - - 25th.
47. H. B. Drake, of Ohio, " - - 25th.
48. J. S. Tufts, of Massachusetts, " - - 25th.
49. G. C. Sawyer, of District of Columbia, 25th.
50. A. S. Morris, of Illinois, " - - 25th.
51. J. H. Hamack, of Illinois, " - - 25th.
52. A. Bryant, of District of Columbia, " - - 25th.
53. Lester Goodman, of Illinois, " - - 25th.
54. W. E. White, of New York, " - - 25th.
55. Charles Kearney, of Indiana, " - - 25th.
56. N. F. Morrow, of Indiana, " - - 25th.
57. J. Stark, of Virginia, " - - 25th.
58. J. G. H. Strong, of the D. C., " - - 25th.
59. Charles Bronson, of Indiana, " - - 25th.
60. R. B. Lawrence, of Louisiana, " - - 25th.
61. B. A. Richards, of Indiana, " - - 25th.
62. J. G. H. Strong, of the D. C., " - - 25th.
63. C. P. Fordick, of Kentucky, " - - 25th.
64. J. H. Yeager, of Kentucky, " - - 25th.
65. G. T. Schofield, of Kentucky, " - - 25th.
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